SATURDAY REVIEW OF RECORDINGS FOR FEBRUARY

Saturday Review of Literature

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VOL. XXXI NO. 5 JANUARY 31, 1948 FTEEN CENTS

Herbert Vere Evatt, author of "The United Nations." *(See page 8)*

Can Anything Be Done for American Radio?

By ROLF KALTENBORN

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SRL readers are

"Widely read and *widely travelled*"

reports the ROSS FEDERAL RESEARCH CORP.

IN A VOLUMINOUS REPORT on *Saturday Review* readership, the Ross Federal Research Corporation reached this conclusion:

Readers of the *SRL* are a group of persons of considerable earning power, physically and mentally very active, widely read and *widely travelled.*

In June 1947, the editors of the *SRL* started an unusual bi-weekly feature, *"Booked for Travel,"* designed especially for its readers who are widely read and widely travelled. Here authorities on specific areas discuss the latest books devoted to those areas. For example, in the coverage of South American countries, it had Spruille Braden; for the National Parks, Harold Ickes; for Alaska, Governor Ernest Gruening. And Horace Sutton, *SRL*'s travel editor, gives up-to-the-minute data on accommodations, costs, transportation facilities, etc. By Constellation and mule cart, by Ford and by foot, Mr. Sutton racked up 25,000 miles during 1947. From Cape Cod to Corsica, from Jersey to Geneva, our man saw nine foreign lands and half of these United States to bring you first-hand, on-the-scene reports from the world of travel.

Horace Sutton

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN FOR TRAVEL ADVERTISERS?

The *SRL* audience learns about travel books in *"Booked for Travel."* Travel books lead to travel business . . . highest-type patronage that can now be secured at the lowest advertising cost. A national tourist office received 153 requests for literature from *SRL* insertions costing a total of $100. An ad run three times by a Lake Placid hotel pulled 176 inquiries.

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Swedish American Line
French National Tourist Office
Swiss National Tourist Office
Czechoslovak Tourist Office
Mexican Tourist Department
The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co.
Missouri Pacific Lines

TRAVEL PLANS FOR SRL READERS

During the past four weeks *The Saturday Review* has been asking a representative cross-section of its readers in the 48 states some pertinent questions about their travel plans. The questions are listed in the box at the lower left-hand corner of this page. Everyone in the travel field will be interested in learning this highly illuminating information. Just clip the coupon to your business letterhead and send to *The Saturday Review.* You'll receive a copy of the survey by return mail.

QUESTIONS ASKED IN SRL TRAVEL SURVEY

1. Have you been thinking of a trip to Europe in the near future?
2. Would you prefer to go by luxury airliner with sleeper accommodations or by fast, modern steamship in first-class accommodations—assuming costs to be the same?
3. Would your trip be for business or pleasure or both?
4. Have unsettled conditions abroad affected your travel plans?

SEND IN THE COUPON NOW FOR THE ANSWERS

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Please send me a copy of the results of the *SRL* travel survey.

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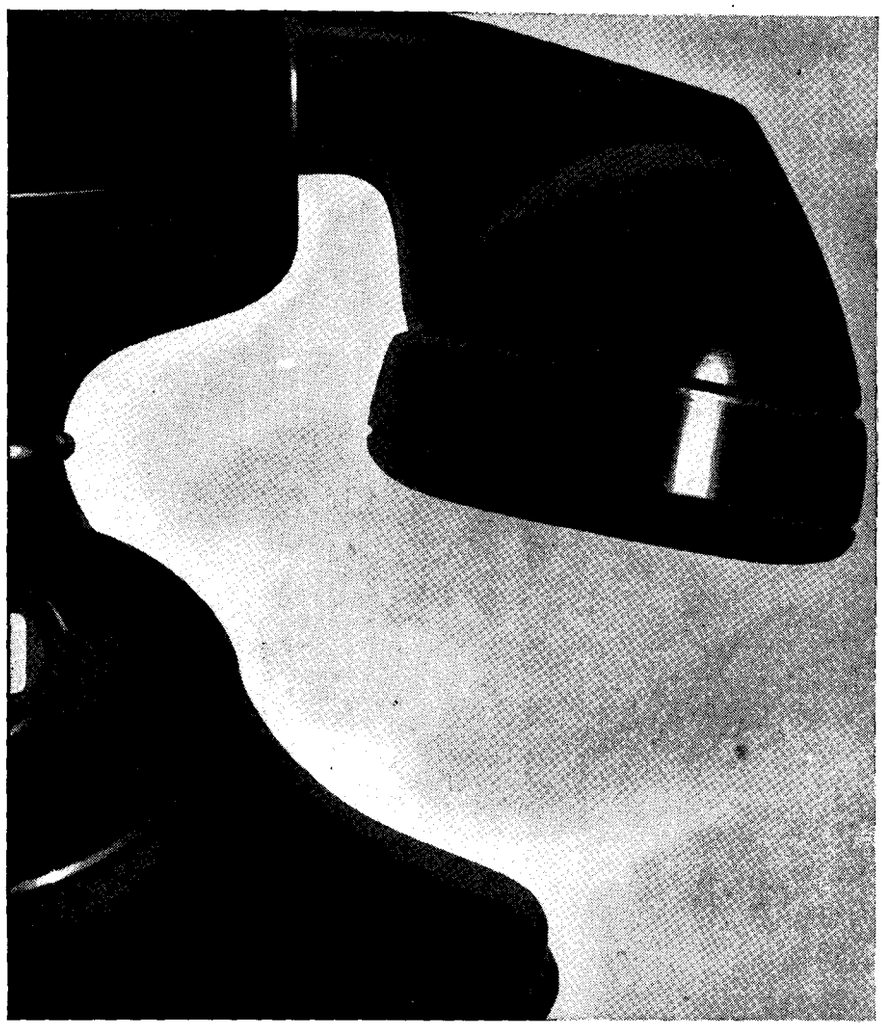

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Nowhere in the world do people get so much for their telephone dollar as right here in this country.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● In Publishers' Row, the sensation of the day was the countrywide stampede for copies of the Kinsey report on "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." Radio addicts dug in for a barrage of alleged humor on the subject. Gag No. 1: the price is sex-fifty.

● ● In New York Whitney Darrow decided to continue as executive vice president of Scribner's, to the satisfaction of all, and the surprise of none.

● ● In New York, Publisher Greenberg put two copies of "Rabbit Raising for Profit" on his shelf one evening, found four there the next morning.

● ● In the British-American zone of Germany, a Columbia University Press editor spotted a sign which read, "Learn English—three months; learn American—two months."

● ● In *Newsweek*, John Lardner took it upon himself to review his own "It Beats Working," concluded, "It is hard to lay the thing down, unless you have some sort of table or settee suitable for the purpose."

● ● In Syracuse, a second-hand book store advertised for a copy of Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sinatra."

● ● In Hollywood, a bookshop specializing in juvenilia has incorporated under the name of "The Inner Spanktum," while in Hiroshima, an even bolder entrepreneur has named *his* new establishment "The Atom Bookshop."

● ● In London, a publisher wrote to Miss A. L. Barker, whose "Innocents" won the first Somerset Maugham prize, to congratulate her on "one of the most remarkable books he had read in years," discovered by return mail that he had rejected the manuscript unread a few months previous.

● ● In Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill received the following suggestion from Malcolm Bingay in reply to a form letter regarding the disposition of the manuscript of his "Detroit Is My Own Home Town":

> First offer it to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach.
> If he offers less than his usual $200,000 for such documents, reject his proposition—with scorn.
> Then offer it—for free—to the British Museum.
> On the failure of that institution to respond immediately, turn it over to the Congressional Library. There may be some difficulties here because of petty political jealousies.
> If this should happen, take the manuscript out, very gently, into the alley and throw it into the ashcan.
> Yours for bigger and better royalties,
> MALCOLM W. BINGAY.

● ● In Alliance, Ohio, where Station WFAH was offering a radio version of Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," the actor portraying the role of Monsieur Dupin reached the line "Well, gentlemen, extinguish the candles" just before a bolt of lightning struck the power plant and blacked out the entire town.

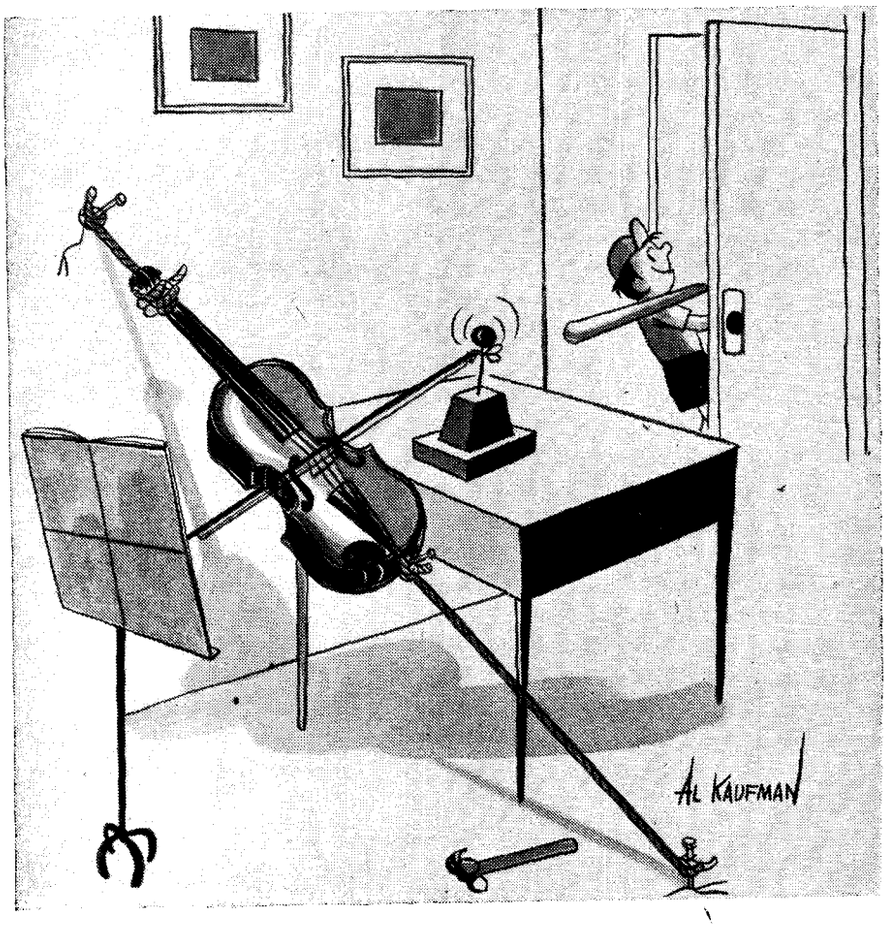
● ● In Carmel, Calif., radio writers Phil Cole and Martin Weiner set out to meet the literary colony. At the railroad station, a baggage man named Koestler took care of their arrival and departure; they fished in a little river called the Stream of Consciousness; and when they ignored a red light, a traffic cop named Proust gave them a ticket in remembrance of things passed. If you don't believe it, check with Florence Whittier Sanders, of Brentano's in Los Angeles.

● ● In the Algonquin, Frank Bowling exhibited a bawdy story a friend had submitted playfully to *The New Yorker*. That inexorable magazine had returned it immediately, but at the bottom of the formal rejection slip an editor had added, "Oooh, what you wrote!"

● ● In Racine, Wis., a housewife hauled a neighbor into court for "using obscene language and corrupting her children, who could not help overhearing." The indignant neighbor proved he merely was reading a current best seller aloud to his wife.

● ● In the University of Oklahoma, Savoie Lottinville compiled these statistics:

> The New York metropolitan area is overwhelmingly the center of book publishing in America. A total of 819 publishing agencies published at least one book in 1946. Only 266 of these published five or more, and these 266 represented eighty-eight per cent of all titles.
> Of the 819 publishers, 377 are domiciled in New York. This would include most of the "big" publishers. Only five other cities have more than ten publishers each: Chi-



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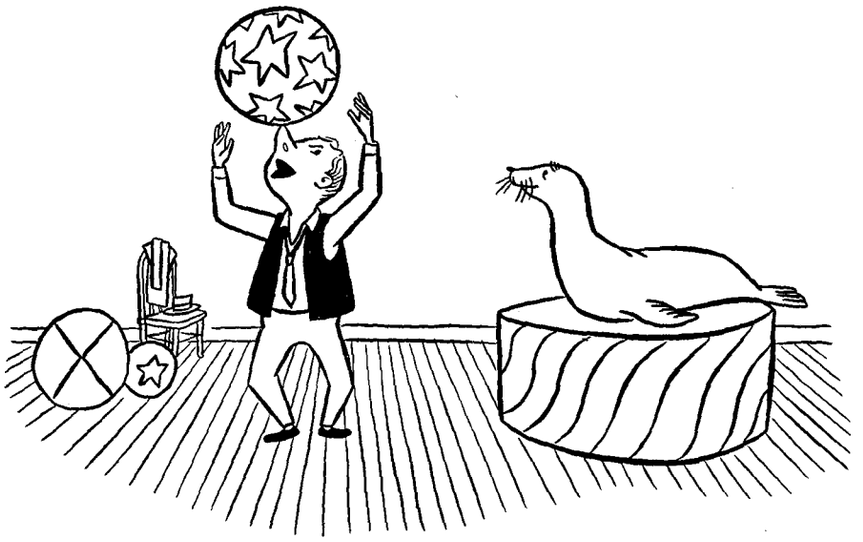

"Now I'll do it once more—this time watch."

cago with sixty-six, the Boston-Cambridge area with forty-nine, Los Angeles and its contiguous satellites with thirty-one, Philadelphia with thirty, and Washington, D. C., with twenty-seven.

Five states—Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, Delaware, South Dakota—can claim no publisher at all. . . .

● ● In New York, Scribner's published a novel by Jon Cleary called "You Can't See Around Corners," which recently won a $5,000 award in Australia. The *Knoxville News Citizen* reviewed it, as "You Can't See Around Congress." After checking reorders from the Knoxville area, Scribner's are wondering if they shouldn't adopt the *News Citizen's* title for the whole next edition.

● ● In New York, the Society for the Suppression of Vice changed its name to the Society to Maintain Public Decency, robbed John Sumner of his discontent, encouraged him to seek out further obscure poetry volumes to publicize.

● ● In Boston, Little, Brown celebrated its fourth Literary Guild selection in six months: "The Purple Plain," by H. E. Bates. The Little, Brown rallying cry is said to be, "On Your Marquand, Bart-lett, *Waugh.*"

● ● In Macy's book department, a little lady asked for a copy of "Childbirth Without Fear." A new clerk, who undoubtedly will grow up to be president of the concern, was overheard telling her, "We seem to be out of stock on it right now, madam. How about a copy of 'The Modern Method of Birth Control'?"

● ● In Morocco, Winston Churchill told a correspondent the tentative title for the fifth and final volume of his memoirs: "In Which the Democracies Were Finally Victorious, and Were Thus Able to Resume the Follies Which Led Them to the Brink of Disaster." Meanwhile, unless publication of the first volume was speeded, Mr. Churchill seemed in danger of being left at the post by General Eisenhower, Cordell Hull, Jim Farley, General Bradley, and Harold "Curmudgeon" Ickes. All of them are penning memoirs of their own, and possibly would rather write than be President. . . .

● ● In New York, Dorothy Parker loyally denied charges that service in her hotel had deteriorated. "The other evening," she declared by way of substantiation, "I phoned the desk clerk and reported that there were mice in my room. In exactly three minutes he sent up a cat."

A RECENT HOCKEY GAME between the Detroit Red Wings and the New York Rangers was halted temporarily when Bep Guidolin of the visiting Wings and Eddie Kullman, new hero of the home forces, suddenly began throwing punches at each other. Banished to the penalty box, the enraged players continued the battle with their hockey sticks. The cries of pain that ensued struck ringside fans as peculiarly soprano from two such hirsute athletes. Investigation disclosed that most of their blows were landing wide of the mark—on the noggin, to be exact, of Miss Naomi Burton, comely standard bearer of the Curtis Brown Literary Agency.

Rescued by six ushers and two special policemen, Miss Burton disclosed that she was hibernating at Madison Square Garden pending the return of her beloved Giants, and Bobby Thomson in particular. "These hockey players are big sissies," she scoffed. "They scored six direct hits on me—and only one major concussion."

BENNETT CERF.

Seldom companioned by the sun,
peace glowers down from frozen skies
on Barsetshire, whose battle won
(whereby the Union Jack still flies)
finds still another siege begun:
the war of private enterprise.

Let Labour's bureaucratic band
reduce the fare residual!
With Nannies rampant at each hand,
entrenched in Barsetshire shall stand
(as Henry stood in Salique land)
the rugged individual.

However chill the Speech Day dawns;
however skimped the Vicar's tea;
this county of untended lawns
is still the country of the free;
and still the talk is kind, the hearts
are fond, the spirit staunch; and still,
however difficult the arts
of peace, invincible the will.

Still children and all four-foot things
restore the sometimes flagging soul;
one still may feel the brush of wings
the Government cannot control;
and men who dearly love their wives
with pretty strangers still can flirt;
and foolishness still sweetens lives
hedged, harried, hounded—but unhurt.

Still the rejected suitor learns
that time—and a new face—assuages
his loss; and Cupid's dart still turns
dovelike in Mrs. Thirkell's pages
(who to the marriage of true minds
admits impediment so docile
that the enchanted reader finds
love's woe as merry as his wassail).

Still (or again) whoever looks,
as many do, for wisdom warmed
by wit, and, seeking, turns to books,
may count himself hereby informed
that all he ever sought for lies
ahead in PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

Angela Thirkell's

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Can Anything Be Done for American Radio?

ROLF KALTENBORN

Rolf Kaltenborn

ROLF KALTENBORN, son of H. V. Kaltenborn the commentator, after graduating from Harvard, worked for over four years for one of the large radio networks, then left to make a special study of radio for the Public Affairs Committee of the Alfred Sloane Foundation. Founder of the Committee for Non-Partisan Radio, Kaltenborn has also given a lecture course on broadcasting at the New School for Social Research in New York City. He is now devoting his full time to subscription radio as described in the accompanying article and has organized the Pioneer Network, which expects to get the first of about ten subscription stations into operation next fall.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when radio broadcasting as an invention first became a practical reality, its future was outlined in glowing terms. Radio would create a cultural revolution in this country by bringing to every American the world's best drama, literature, and music. It would encourage the great writers and composers of our day to produce for it. Radio could make Thomas Jefferson's dream of universal education a reality. "Broadcasting," it was predicted, "will be a living, vibrant force that will have as its chief aim the improvement of both spiritual and intellectual mankind." The invention of printing some five hundred years before had produced momentous consequences. A tremendous upsurge in creative activity had followed as a matter of course. Because radio could make the spoken word available to all with ears to listen, it was heralded as an invention of even greater importance.

Recently reflecting on this early promise, Lee De Forest, often called the "father of radio," whose inventions, including the radio tube, are largely responsible for the technical development of broadcasting, addressed the American broadcasters as follows:

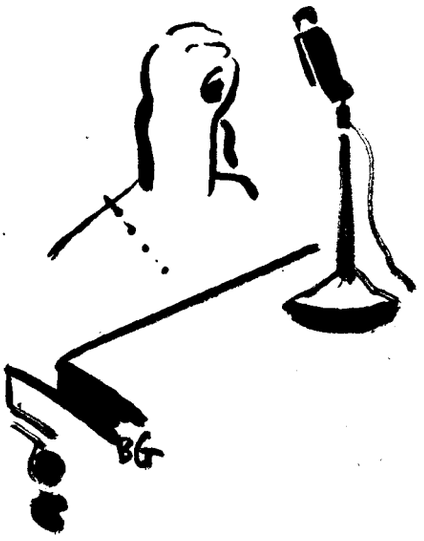
> What have you gentlemen done with my child? He was conceived as a potent instrumentality for culture, fine music, the uplifting of America's mass intelligence. You have debased this child. You have made him a laughing stock to the intelligence.

Why do the American people tolerate current radio fare? Perhaps because of the popular feeling that one should never look a gift horse in the mouth. After all, we do not have to pay for radio programs, so what right have we to complain? In this country we pay directly for almost everything we want—except radio programs. Radio is "free" to the listener because advertisers pay all the bills. And, so long as advertisers pick up the check, it is only to be expected that they will decide *what* you will hear and *when* you will hear it. Who pays the piper calls the tune.

For years there have been constant complaints against the "excessive commercialism" of American radio. Critics have called on the broadcasters again and again to crack down on the advertisers. In response to these periodic waves of public indignation the broadcasters have, over the past twenty years, repeatedly promised reforms and have published codes of ethics which make fine reading. And yet, there has been little difference audible after the publication of these codes. Unlike the code governing taste in motion pictures, there have never been any provisions for enforcement, and acceptance of the terms has been purely voluntary. Some time ago an observer of American radio said aptly, "When a sponsor comes through the door, the codes go out the window." Lyman Bryson, now an executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System, once said, "The networks have their codes, but let's be frank about it—are any violations except the most gross and criminal ever ruled off the air?"

To ask the broadcasters to limit sales talks, to refuse certain types of advertising and certain programs, is to ask them to bite the hand that feeds them. It is futile to expect broadcasters to adopt policies and practices which would jeopardize their incomes. What is more important, it won't work.

AS A matter of fact, because they do place advertisers' interests first and foremost, broadcasters have often been specially favored by many large advertisers over other media. In a recent Harvard Business School study, a prominent advertiser contrasted the



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treatment he received from newspapers with the treatment he received from radio:

> When we use radio we are *in control* of what we offer the listener . . . we can build as we see fit and exercise our weight to get listeners' attention.

Many broadcasters themselves agree with critics that the trouble with radio today is that it is dominated by advertisers. In a recent poll conducted by the trade magazine *Broadcasting*, answering the question: "Who is most responsible for retarding program improvement?," a majority of station owners declared that it is the advertising agencies and sponsors.

Actually it is merely a matter of circumstance that radio in the United States is available to the public only in connection with advertising announcements. There is nothing inherent in the nature of radio that requires all programs to be broadcast "free." Nor is a government operated system of broadcasting the only alternative.

THERE is no need any longer for radio listeners to be presented with a choice between twin evils—government operation or advertiser domination of our broadcasting system. There will soon be available another way—listeners can pay directly for radio themselves, in the same way they buy and subscribe to the newspapers and magazines that satisfy their interests and tastes, in the same way they support the movies. They will be able to pay for the kind of radio programs they wish to hear without "benefit" of singing commercials.

How can the public pay for radio? This is a question that has puzzled men since radio was first invented. In the early days many different plans and schemes were proposed. None of them seemed very practical at the time. In 1925, a popular magazine conducted a contest offering $500 for the best answer to the question "Who is going to pay for broadcasting and how?" The winner of the contest proposed a stamp tax on radio tubes, but this plan never got farther than the pages of the magazine. A coin box which could be attached to every radio set was also suggested as a way to provide a box office for radio. The listener would then pay directly for a program he wished to hear. Another suggestion was that political groups and educational, cultural, and fraternal organizations should build and run their own stations and receive financial support directly from their listeners. (The latter plan is currently successfully operating in Holland.)

While there was some merit in each of these proposals it was William Benton, chairman of Muzak Corporation and until recently Assistant Secretary of State, who elaborated the first really sound plan by which people could pay directly for radio and who is today one of the strongest advocates of the subscription radio idea.

Subscription radio is not too complicated. A radio station sends out programs, but it sends out at the same time a whistling sound which prevents you from hearing this program clearly over your radio set—unless you attach to your set a small, patented device which clears away the interference (*i.e.*, the whistle). Once the device, which acts as a sort of filter, is attached, the listener can hear the subscription station clearly. How do you get the device? You rent it from the station, and the monthly rental fee helps pay the cost of the programs which, of course, are free of advertising. Those listeners who do not rent the device hear only a whistling sound when they tune to the subscription station. In this way the audience, instead of the advertiser, pays the cost of the programs and the maintenance of the station.

During the war, Mr. Benton and his associates (Robert Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, James Lawrence Fly, formerly chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, and Beardsley Ruml of R. H. Macy & Co.) developed and made public plans for operating a subscription radio service in New York City. They proposed to offer their subscribers a choice of three types of programs. Listeners could choose between serious music coming over one wave length; light and popular music over a second; and, over a third, a variety of feature programs including news, cultural lectures, children's programs, etc. — and all without advertising announcements. They planned to charge five cents a day, eighteen dollars a year for the service. On payment of this fee the filter device would be installed in the sets of the subscribers.

The proposed service was welcomed enthusiastically by listeners weary of the lengthy, distasteful, advertising "plug uglies" which had multiplied at a fantastic rate during the war. From all sections of the country came editorial "hurrahs." "Five cents a day would be cheap" and "Such a service has mighty appeal for millions of radio listeners" were some of the comments. The plan met with strong opposition, however, from prominent broadcasters who were then enjoying an unprecedented state of prosperity, selling more time to advertisers than ever before. This new service constituted a serious threat to their established, profitable system of broadcasting. "This plan," they said, "destroys freedom of the air!" To which Mr. Benton replied, "On the contrary, it affords an alternative to present commercial radio programs. The greater the choice afforded the listener," he said, "the greater the freedom of the air." He also pointed out that there was nothing in the laws

(*Continued on page 30*)

—*Langley Studios.*

My Current Reading

OUR READING list this week comes from **Stanley Marcus,** executive vice president of the Neiman-Marcus department store in Dallas, Texas. "The fabulous Neiman - Marcus store [which] every woman visits first" is no ordinary emporium, according to our own Bennett Cerf. "Women come from New York and Hollywood to buy their wardrobes here," he reported in *SRL*, April 26, 1947. Mr. Marcus, who directs the destinies of the store, was instrumental in establishing the Texas Book Club.

PRELUDE TO A CERTAIN MIDNIGHT, *by Gerald Kersh (Doubleday)*

JUAREZ AND HIS MEXICO, *by Ralph Roeder (Viking)*

FREUD: HIS LIFE AND HIS MIND, *by Helen Walker Puner (Howell, Soskin)*

ARE CLOTHES MODERN?, *by Bernard Rudofsky*

THE PEARL, *by John Steinbeck (Viking)*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RUMOR, *by Gordon W. Allport and Leo Postman (Holt)*

NIGHTMARE ALLEY, *by William Lindsay Gresham (Rinehart)*

THE SAXON CHARM, *by Frederic Wakeman (Rinehart)*

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY, *by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper)*

LEONARDO DA VINCI: A STUDY IN PSYCHOSEXUALITY, *by Sigmund Freud, translated by A. A. Brill (Random House)*

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The World.

In his preface to "The Great Rehearsal," Carl Van Doren writes, "The Constitution was made and ratified during one of the two periods of American history in which the American people have been most occupied with fundamental principles of government. In 1787, the problem was how the people could learn to think nationally, not locally, about the United States. In 1948, the problem is how the people can learn to think internationally, not nationally, about the United Nations. The present problem has turned many minds back to 1787 in search of an historic parallel to serve as an example." One of the major problems of the Constitutional Convention was solved by the federal compromise dividing power between small and large states. We review below a book on the UN by the mouthpiece at Flushing Meadows for the small nations, Herbert Vere Evatt, of Australia.

Dr. Evatt Dissents

THE UNITED NATIONS. By Herbert Vere Evatt. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 154 *pp.* $2.50.

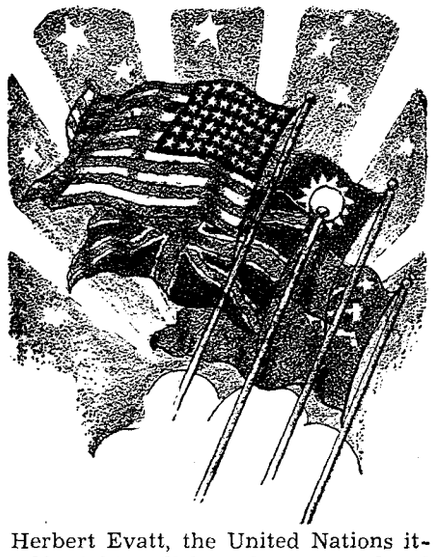
Reviewed by FRED SMITH

ONE OF the most colorful figures so far produced in the world drama now playing at Lake Success, New York, is a "heavy" with a Wendell Willkie haircut, named Evatt. This Dr. Evatt represents Australia. He also represents, by self-appointment and common consent, the middle and smaller nations. He represents them belligerently, sometimes noisily, often amusingly, and always effectively.

As Australia's Minister for External Affairs and delegate to the United Nations, he made himself known to a world public at the San Francisco Conference, where he first launched his campaign of constructively objecting. He says:

> . . . in the work of the San Francisco Conference, a primary factor was that the Charter was negotiated when the Allied Powers were still preoccupied with the supreme task of defeating the enemy in the shortest possible time. In particular, concerted military action by such major powers as the United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain was essential. Accordingly, any Charter proposals which could even be represented as endangering Great Power solidarity or unanimity were very difficult of acceptance.

This military and strategic background had an extremely important effect upon the proposals put forward at Dumbarton Oaks, out of which the United Nations grew, according to Dr. Evatt, who believes the Dumbarton Oaks agreement was almost wholly a big-power agreement; and except for the constructive criticism of the middle and smaller nations, and the obstreperous activity of



Herbert Evatt, the United Nations itself might well have become a closed corporation in which the major powers would have made all important decisions, and the smaller powers would have had the option pretty much of agreeing or shrugging their shoulders.

Mr. Evatt's belief, which he develops in his short but revealing book, is that the Assembly is the stronghold of justice and world security, while the Security Council—with which the most critical powers still remain even after Evatt-led attacks to whittle that power away—is inclined slightly toward strong-arm methods. However, the veto, as he points out, renders the Council something of a frustrated giant: charged with all critical responsibilities, ambitious to achieve peace, by force if necessary, it so far is unable to escape nullification of its own efforts to make the necessary difficult decisions.

"The United Nations," originally a series of lectures delivered at Harvard University during 1947-48, is divided into three sections: "The Formation of the UN," "The Working of the UN," and "The Future of the UN," and Dr. Evatt covers them all with considerable clarity. It is strictly an Evatt's-eye view, but this does not detract from the picture.

The first section gives a slightly new and different story of the creation of the United Nations organization. It is pointed out that the major powers were concerned primarily with the Security Council and the point of view that the peace of the world depends upon agreement of and enforcement by the major powers with military strength. During the Conference

> . . . an inner committee of the great powers was maintained to facilitate agreement between them regarding all important issues [the establishment of which] . . . no doubt had advantages in maintaining unanimity among the powers concerned, [but] the result was to make it more difficult for other countries to modify in the conference itself any amendment previously agreed to by the great powers, who, once committed, fought strenuously in the conference to defend the texts agreed on, whatever their individual opinions may have been.

This sounds a little worse than it is. Large conferences seldom arrive at a conclusion without a strong-armed group on the inside, with pretty clear objectives in mind. Yet, coming upon it so boldly in Evatt's book may lead liberals to the conclusion that the United Nations has totalitarian blood in its veins. It may be recalled that the Government of the United States was first assembled in much the same way, and it wasn't until 1787 that the virtues of liberalization were combined with centralized power strong enough to keep things on the track, which resulted in making a practical government out of one that wasn't working. The same situation is in prospect with the United Nations: when the great powers and Herbert Vere Evatt have reached a compromise, we may have an international institution which is separated only by a short breath from a true world government.

In his book, Evatt covers many discussions, most of which he led, which resulted in thawing out many of the arbitrary powers which had been frozen by the Dumbarton Oaks agreement into the Security Council's orbit, and in liberalizing the Assembly to give this "most democratic organ of the United Nations . . . the widest possible powers of discussion and recommendation, so that the pressure of world public opinion could be brought to bear upon countries not living up to their international obligations."

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As to the working of the United Nations, Dr. Evatt never gets far away from the unhappy fact of the veto. He quotes a conversation he had with the late President Roosevelt. He said to F.D.R.:

> . . . during the next few years the great powers will demonstrate to the world by their actions in the Council that they will not in practice exercise to the full the veto rights which they possess under the Charter. Certain public indications along these lines have already been made, and we all accept these indications in good faith. If it can be agreed that all peaceful means of settling disputes must be adopted and exhausted and that in practice the veto will not be used to block such procedures, I am convinced that we will make a great step forward. This would remove many of the doubts which middle and small countries have felt regarding acceptance of the present text. . . . The great powers can perform a great service to the world if they demonstrate in practice that the powers given to them under the Charter will be used with restraint and in the interests of the United Nations as a whole.

And then he editorializes:

> Have our hopes of those days been justified by the event? No! The power of veto has been abused . . . the outstanding fact is that the veto has been exercised by the representatives of the Soviet Union on no fewer than twenty-two occasions, either in circumstances when the vital interests of the Soviet Union were not affected or in apparent breach of understandings given at San Francisco by the great powers. As a result, a large number of decisions supported by a majority of the Council have been rendered quite inoperative. This has caused diminution of the Council's prestige, and a feeling of frustration which has inevitably stimulated efforts to make wider use of the powers of the General Assembly in the field of peace and security. By the many failures of the Security Council, grave loss of confidence in the effectiveness of the United Nations as a whole has rapidly developed.

Next to the veto, Evatt's great concern is with membership. He sums up his position by saying:

> In principle it is desirable that membership of the United Nations should be as universal as possible. The organization and, in particular, the Assembly have a duty to insure that all states entitled to membership are admitted promptly and, at the same time, to guard against the admission of applicants who, though prepared to affirm their acceptance of the obligations of the Charter, are in fact unable or have shown that they are unwilling to accept those obligations.

Dr. Evatt lists and explains many faults of the present operation. Among them, the unhappy use of the As-

THE AUTHOR: The transformation of Australia from a shy sister of the United Kingdom into bellwether and champion of UN's "middle" power has surprised the world, but probably not its *deus ex machina*, Herbert Vere Evatt, General Assembly delegate. From the time Sydney University gave him his B.A., M.A., and LL.D. with medals and first-class honors (triply in the initial instance) Deputy Prime Minister Evatt's brilliance as historian, philosopher, barrister, judge, Cabinet Minister, and diplomat has illuminated bush and band wagon. His doctorate, a penetrating study of the British Constitution, established him as one of the Empire's foremost Constitutional lawyers.

In 1925, when he was thirty-one, he was catapulted to national fame by arguing successfully with a bench of High Court judges against deportation of two trades union leaders. Five years later, following four as Labor MP in his native New South Wales, he became the youngest judge ever named to that tribunal. In 1940, he broke precedent and resigned, at Labor Party insistence, to contest the Barton seat in the Fereral Parliament—the first time in history that a High Judge had entered politics. He was promptly appointed Advisory War Councilman by the non-Labor Menzies Government. When Labor took over the next year, he became Attorney-General and Minister for External Affairs.

During the early desperation of World War II, Dr. Evatt's eloquence before the Pacific Council secured the transfusion of arms which saved Australia from almost certain doom. In London, he was made Privy Councilor on the War Cabinet. He helped engineer the 1945 Australian-New Zealand Agreement, then ricocheted over to San Francisco, where, as spunky advocate for the smaller nations, he proposed thirty-eight amendments to gird the UN Constitution. Fourteen were accepted; twelve more are reflected in other reforms. But his efforts to block the veto failed, and his gloomy predictions unhappily came to pass.

He represented Australia on the Council of Foreign Ministers in London and was vocal in the Paris Peace Conference. For a time he was even *persona grata* with the Soviets. However, Russian smiles for his support of USSR views on territorial security froze when Dr. Evatt, with customary impartiality, bluntly insisted that the Korean and Italian peace treaties be placed on UN agenda. He threw his weight (which is considerable for his height) on the side of Peru when she petitioned, successfully, for press-attended Assembly meetings. He cut down General Douglas MacArthur somewhat by demanding a Far Eastern Advisory Commission composed of all the nations which fought Japan, then became basic policy chairman of the Allied Control Council. He's clashed with others, including his own opposition party, which favors an Anglo-American alliance over the hazards of experimental global fraternity; with the United States for refusing to share with us his continent's territorial bases—unless, of course, this Government cares to reciprocate. As chairman of the UN's star committee on Palestine, he now has a "proper" tangle on his hands. A year ago he organized the South Pacific Regional Conference in Canberra, precursor of the South Pacific Commission for improving living standards among the natives. But although his entire political philosophy has been on the side of the underdog—he was born in the coal-mining district of East Maitland — he has never joined a union and is regarded as an "outsider" by his party.

In contrast to his explosive diplomatic career, Dr. Evatt has also distinguished himself as author of "Australian Labor Leader," which combines a biography of William Holman and the history of the Labor movement; "Rum Rebellion" dealing with the early settlement of Sydney; "Liberalism in Australia," "Conveyancing in New South Wales," "The King and His Dominion Governors," "Injustice Within the Law," "British Dominions and Mandatories," "Foreign Policy of Australia," and "Australia in World Affairs." Mrs. Evatt, born in Ottumwa, Iowa, was the first woman appointed trustee of the Sydney National Art Gallery of New South Wales. They have a son and daughter. The "Doc," a zestful sportsman, has been described as "stubborn, self-intoxicated, and ambitious"—a maker of enemies. But he's the man "who put Australia on the ruddy map," and if he has anything to say about it—a rhetorical subjunctive—, that map will remain ruddy. R. G.

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sembly as a sounding board for propaganda:

> . . . we have heard some intemperate invective, seen instances of disregard for the chairman and his rulings, and watched develop what has been described as the "technique of studied insult."

Such developments, if maintained, will tend to bring the Assembly into disrepute. There is a tendency for some delegates whose proposals have been defeated by a large majority in subcommittee to reargue the matter so long in committee and then in plenary sessions that procedural delays preclude getting nearly as much done as the United Nations should. This is further complicated by the fact that many delegates "feel it incumbent upon themselves to make several speeches on the same subject, merely reiterating what they said earlier instead of raising new points or meeting criticism."

At San Francisco there were signs of a dangerous tendency toward bloc voting, a situation which complicates procedures immeasurably since the Latin-American bloc alone can defeat anything in the Assembly requiring a two-thirds majority.

There is complete laxity in the matter of atomic energy and armaments, awaiting settlement of which the Military Staff Committee of the Security Council has been cooling its heels in an outer room for much too long.

With all this, however, Evatt is optimistic. He says:

> In my opinion the United Nations organization as a whole has done a very great deal of useful work since its birth less than two years ago. It shows no signs of lassitude or inanition. Though an infant, it has been asked to carry almost from birth the burdens of an adult. In all the circumstances, I believe it has done reasonably well.

Unfortunately, the final section of the Evatt book is something of a letdown. Nobody asked the author to become a long-sighted, much less a second-sighted, statesman; but the very word "future" in connection with the UN can conjure up visions of promise. Thus, when the author clings tenaciously to recommending procedural reforms, and fails to outline the next basic steps in the evolution of a limping international organization into a powerful international force for peace, it is disappointing.

At its most efficient, the UN will still lack that force of genius which would make the organization rise up and stride like a conquering giant across the doubtful years ahead. Too many of us feel that something is missing which procedural details cannot supply.

Europe Simplified

CONTINENTAL JOURNEY. By Leo Lerner. New York: The Citadel Press. 1946. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

EUROPE two years after the war—as seen with the eyes of a Chicago editor of community newspapers: that does not promise very exciting reading, and, in fact, it is not. But "Continental Journey" is more than that. It is the story of the European trip of a man who has his eyes open and his heart on his tongue, a man known in the Midwest as the "poor man's William Allen White."

There are many millions of people in this country who have no idea how Europeans live and suffer and hope and what they think about war and about America, this "new kind of world power." These millions freely spend their pennies and nickels for tabloids but they rarely buy books. If they should want to know about the world as it looks on the other side of the ocean, on the continent where war and peace for our generation will be decided, "Continental Journey" is their fare. It is written by a man who has the common touch, who knows how to report essentials in simple, every-day language. If anything, he is perhaps overly naïve, as when, wandering through Venice, he is reminded of Richard Wagner's vacation in this city and explains that Wagner was "the great German operatic composer."

Mr. Lerner visited nine European countries (but not Germany). He was in Poland and Czechoslovakia, Holland and France, reporting what he saw, both the surface and underneath. He spoke everywhere with the rich and the poor, with prime ministers and waiters, and summarizes his impressions thus: There is much more war talk in the United States than in Europe. The people of Europe are too busy to crawl out of the wreckage of the last war to talk about the next one. The thesis that we must rebuild German industry because "Germany always has been an industrial country" has not been accepted by Europe. Neither has the idea that "you can't have a stabilized Europe without a restored Germany." The Czechs, Mr. Lerner found, are nearly unanimously Western in their outlook. Throughout Europe the Communists trade on their role in the liberation. Both the Right and the Left are trying to make socialism a hated word in France.

Finally, comparing the condition of the individual European with his prewar status, Mr. Lerner finds things are worst in England and Holland.

Leo Lerner is a man "who has his eyes open and his heart on his tongue."

The countries which are in the "best" condition are Belgium and Czechoslovakia. If Europe keeps going downhill, Mr. Lerner believes we will have extensive "illegal" immigration into the United States with people storming our beaches the way they do now in Palestine. But the reader should not think that "Continental Journey" is all about politics. It is principally the story of a jovial, warm-hearted, and witty "average" Middlewestern newspaperman and the people he met on a vacation-cum-fact-finding trip. And it is amusing and refreshing.

Ponds, Pitch, & Lava

THE WORLD'S GREAT LAKES. By Ferdinand C. Lane. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 272 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE F. CARTER

IT IS POSSIBLE to write a book about anything. And depending more on the skill of the author than the subject matter the book may or may not succeed. Mr. Lane has chosen great lakes as his vehicle. Greatness is defined in terms of size. There are forty-two lakes in the world with an area of 1500 square miles or more, and these become his subject.

The unifying threads are a discussion of the area, outline, history of discovery and exploration, and peoples who live about the lakes. With forty-two lakes to cover in a short book that assignment is barely possible Unfortunately, Mr. Lane has also included general chapters on how lakes are formed and filled; he has included lakes of pitch, lakes of lava and several rivers, as well as sections on lakes and civilization, and mar and lakes. This becomes too much t do, and the treatment of all part becomes thin and hurried. Even the

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it would be interesting to calculate how much of the book is actually about lakes. Often Mr. Lane spends most of his time relating explorers' tales, or describing ways of life that have but little connection with lakes.

However, some will enjoy reading a miscellany of geography and exploration strung together with lakes as a unifying element. Excerpts from explorers' accounts and descriptions of the ways of life of peoples in various lands are always of absorbing interest. Lakes themselves have many intriguing facets. For example, some fresh water lakes now far inland have porpoises and seals. The questions of how and when are intriguing even though unanswered. The great climatic shifts in recent times that have dried up lakes in one area and created thousands in another is of special interest now that we have evidence that these changes are not only continuing but have recently accelerated.

Unfortunately, the book is often misleading and in general betrays a lack of understanding of the earth sciences. Many geologists will be surprised to learn that the present period is known as "the lacustrine era." It is interesting to learn that the meteor crater in Arizona has a "fixed" date within historic time; the "rock fragments suggest a date between seven hundred and five thousand years ago." "Artesian wells probe" for water is an interesting animism that betrays a misunderstanding of the word artesian. This is the more surprising as the author frequently tells us what definition Mr. Webster gives for similar terms. It will be news to the anthropologists to learn that lurking in the forests about Lake Kivu are men "definitely simian, with short legs, enormously elongated arms, prognathous jaws, and slant foreheads, while their bodies are notably hairy."

Readers sensitive to the use of adjectives will feel drugged by the frequency and strength of those used. It is like California olives; there is no size smaller than large and one progresses to the super colossal. Readers will also find many familiar phrases: never-never land, old man river, immemorial times, incantation of witch doctors, throb of drums, safely traversed, dreaded tsetse flies. And there are such similes as lakes being due to the same forces that cause water to accumulate in spots on the linoleum of the kitchen floor. And, mountains become "titanic combs carding the clouds, like wool, for their moisture—."

In short, Mr. Lane's book, though unsubstantiated in many parts, may serve as a stimulus for the reader to learn more about the multitude of ideas he sets forth.

Personal History.

The biography of Barrios, reviewed here, might well be read with Ralph Roeder's recent study of Juarez, the Mexican hero who backed up Barrios's revolution in Guatemala in 1871. Thirty years earlier the American John Lloyd Stephens first explored the great Mayan cities in Guatemala and Yucatan. His career offers many parallels to that of his younger contemporary Bayard Taylor. World travelers with a series of phenomenally successful travel books to their credit, Stephens became minister to Guatemala and Taylor later was sent to Germany. Van Wyck Brooks's recent "The Times of Melville and Whitman" did full justice at last to Bayard Taylor; "Maya Explorer" resurrects an interesting contemporary. . . . The author of "David Lilienthal," discussed below, reviews elsewhere in this issue "The Tennessee," a book which is a natural companion to her biography.

"I Owe This Country A Lot"

DAVID LILIENTHAL. By Willson Whitman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 245 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

DAVID LILIENTHAL is perhaps the only man in the United States equipped by past experiences to be chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. That is the sound thesis of Willson Whitman's biography, and, to document it, she reviews what transpired during the fourteen years he directed mighty TVA.

But after Miss Whitman has made her point she seems to distrust it, and begins asking herself, "But what is wrong with the man? There must be something wrong."

The author finally concludes that perhaps there is one flaw—"or what could be a flaw . . . David Lilienthal really believes in people," and "unless you share his faith in the wisdom of the people, you think there may come a time when the people or their representatives will tell him wrong."

—Wide World.

"There is one flaw—David Lilienthal really believes in people."

Obviously Miss Whitman was badly shaken by reading the record of the Senate hearings on Lilienthal's confirmation. She picked out excerpts almost with incredulity, and a fear that they might not be believed. Her summation:

> As an exhibition of individual senility the McKellar attitudes were no more than embarrassing to the human race, but as a disclosure of government dilapidation they were a threat to the country. Senatorial courtesy, it was explained, required that the septuagenarian from Tennessee be allowed to waste weeks of working people's time and to dominate the proceedings of a committee on which he had no seat. This was discouraging to those aware that democratic procedures, in a world that does not always wait for the worst tricks of parliamentarianism, are still on trial.

Miss Whitman was shaken, too, by public-opinion polls disclosing how little the public realizes that about the atom bomb there is no secret and there is no defense. And she asks, "Suppose that, despite the best efforts of the commission and the eighty-per-cent efforts of the press, people are still misled by the loud-talking fabricators of delusion and fomenters of war?"

The author warns solemnly that, in spite of the confidence Lilienthal's record inspires, "it is just as well not to relax and be too happy. It isn't the same job he had as chairman of TVA, in spite of the parallels," and she urgently reminds the reader that Lilienthal is not actually head of the international Atomic Energy Authority proposed in his State Department report, but only of a United States

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Commission with much more limited scope; that the international control plan never has been adopted and seems unlikely to be.

So in the end, Miss Whitman finds it all comes down to this: the McMahon Act is a good law and Lilienthal is a good administrator, "and the only trouble is that, as the trusted public servant of the American people, he is a man with a load of mischief." And,

> The most you can hope for is that being a man who by inclination was proud of planting a hundred and fifty million trees in the Tennessee Valley, he will do his best to see that radioactivity is used to improve the life of plants and animals, not to wipe both off the face of the globe. He will do better than anybody else at the job, probably, because of the philosophy that says, as his book about TVA puts it, that it is possible to turn calamity into opportunity.

This is the first biography about the man who carries this fearful responsibility for the American people. It is almost entirely a record of his public life, documented with his public utterances. As a result, it is not a colorful story. Miss Whitman reports that in writing of Lilienthal,

> you miss the personal crotchets that make it easy to characterize the ordinary, ornery members of the human race. There are no meaningless knobs or unnecessary ornaments or archaic survivals about Lilienthal. In a way it is as hard to describe him as it would be to describe a pane of glass.
>
> But it is only through clarity that you can focus scientific vision, in useful applications of man's knowledge. . . . The absence of mental quirks and emotional blocks makes it possible for Lilienthal to be a "man of parts" in a modern application of the eighteenth-century phrase: he is the sum of the knowledge of the experts with whom he works. His own contribution is to blend their contribution into fluid action. The reasonableness of mind and evenness of response required for such coordination, since they do exist in Lilienthal, constitute arguments for a peaceful world.

That's as much hope as Miss Whitman can find—as much, perhaps, as anyone could find—in the present cockeyed state of mankind. Those interested in survival will want to study her book for additional light on the mental habits and moral attitudes of the man who will have so much to say about their fate. His "credo" is there, of course, and some other statements of almost equal importance made while the Senate was examining him. And there is a little speech that he made when he was eighteen years old, that Miss Whitman considers most important of all. In this, the youthful David Lilienthal looked for a rational statement as to the ultimate mission of the Jew. He concluded that this mission was "to help establish among men, as the inexorable principle of all life, the law of unity . . . to teach the reunion, the refraternization, and internationalization of mankind; to make all men feel that they are one, and that they have one loving Father."

Miss Whitman notes that, in the years since this speech, Lilienthal's way of expressing himself has changed. Recently he put it this way: "I owe this country a lot. Holding down a public job is one way to pay that debt." But, she concludes, these speeches are cut out of the same piece. Lilienthal's idea of public service is tied in with religion and morality. "If you are firm enough in your own principles," concludes Miss Whitman, "you can apply them as Lilienthal does."

Liaison with Antiquity

MAYA EXPLORER. By Victor Wolfgang Hagen. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press. 1947. 324 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by SYLVANUS G. MORLEY

A BIOGRAPHY, long overdue, is that of the life of John Lloyd Stephens, the early nineteenth-century American traveler, explorer, diplomat, and amateur archeologist, who literally first brought to world notice the great ancient Maya civilization of Southern Mexico and Northern Central America in his two incomparable works of travel in this region: "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan," New York, 1841, and "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan," New York, 1843.

This crying bibliographic need has at last been magnificently met in "Maya Explorer." Before the appearance of Mr. von Hagen's book little was known about the life of this extremely able and charming American traveler and scholar, whose magic pen has left such an inimitable record of his peregrinations, not only in America, but also in Arabia, the Holy Land, Greece, Egypt, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.

In a recent book on the ancient Maya, I had the following to say about Stephens and his work in the Maya field:

> John Lloyd Stephens, the American traveler, diplomat, and amateur archeologist, accompanied by Frederick Catherwood, an English artist, visited the Maya area twice and embodied his impressions thereupon in two outstanding works. Both were illustrated by Catherwood's superb drawings; today, more than a hundred years later, they still remain the most delightful books ever written about the Maya area.
>
> Stephens's writings were chiefly responsible for bringing the great cities of the Maya civilization to the attention of the outside world. Before the publication of his two books, the very existence of these cities was unknown outside of Yucatan and Northern Central America, but, after their appearance, knowledge of the Maya, who developed our greatest native American civilization, became general on both sides of the Atlantic. With Stephens also begins the period of the modern exploration of this region.

The details of Stephens's life were buried in long-forgotten private correspondence, in old newspapers and magazine files, in books—town and county histories—genealogies, etc., of the early nineteenth century, the disinternment of which in itself was an archeological task of first magnitude. But Mr. von Hagen has most happily risen to his occasion. Through twenty-four delightfully written chapters, not unreminiscent of Stephens's own faultless style, Mr. von Hagen traces the course of Stephens's eventful, though all too brief life (1805-1852). He entered Columbia College in 1818 at the age of thirteen, and later read at law in the offices of Daniel Lord (who was "strictly professional no politics") and then attended Tapping Reeve's Law School at Litchfield, Connecticut.

Before hanging up his shingle, and with his father's approval, he traveled into what was then the very wild and woolly Far West, out to Illinois Territory and the Mississippi River, down the latter to New Orleans, and thence back to New York in 1825. Nine years later at the age of twenty-nine, Stephens sailed for Europe, where he visited France, Italy, Greece, Syria, Turkey, Russia, Poland, Austria, Germany, and thence went back to France (1835).

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Failing to secure passage for return to the United States at once, Stephens reembarked for Egypt, thence to the ruins of Petra in Arabia, the Holy Land, and back to London, where he met the faithful companion of his later years, the English artist Frederick Catherwood, who first told Stephens of the great ruined Maya cities buried in the jungles of Central America.

Stephens returned to New York in 1836 and the following year published his "Incidents of Travel in Arabia Petraea," an instant literary sell-out of the day; and the next year his equally successful "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland." Stephens was now one of the leading literary lights of his time and country.

In 1839 with his interest already turning to the Maya cities of Central America, Stephens was appointed Minister to that country by President Van Buren, and in the fall of that year he sailed with Catherwood from New York for Guatemala. Here started an odyssey which was to last for three years (1839-1842) and which has given Mr. von Hagen the title for his life of Stephens, "Maya Explorer"; for, as already noted, it was indeed Stephens who first brought notice to the outside world of the great ruined Maya cities of Central America. His "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan," met with unparalleled and instant success.

Who would have thought, in 1841, that a five-dollar book would run through twelve editions in its first year, and sell as many as 20,000 copies in the first three months? It was said that no gentleman's library was complete in the middle of the last century without this work and its companion "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan," which appeared two years later.

Edgar Allan Poe says in his review of the first of these two works, "This is certainly a magnificent one—perhaps the most interesting book of travel ever published."

Mr. von Hagen has done full, even brilliant, justice to his subject. The material, assembled with so much difficulty, is judiciously analyzed and admirably presented. Before closing, I wish to congratulate warmly the University of Oklahoma Press for a superlative job of really fine bookmaking — excellent paper, distinguished typography, and felicitously chosen illustrative material, many of the cuts being reproductions of Catherwood's own original drawings.

Dr. Sylvanus Morley, who sent us this review from his home in Yucatan, is a leading authority on Mayan archeology, and author of "The Ancient Maya," published last year.

Bayonet-Labor Rule

EAGLE OF GUATEMALA: Justo Rufino Barrios. By Alice Raine. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 229 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

GARIBALDI is said to have started to free Italy with six men, a red shirt, and a mule. General Justo Rufino Barrios and an associate general set out to overthrow thirty years of conservative dictatorship in Guatemala with twenty-six men, of whom twelve were officers. And all had horses.

What was more important, they had arms bought in the United States, and others given them by the friendly Benito Juárez government in Mexico, which reminds us that history was going on in its intricate way even before the present dazzling arms-to-Greece era.

Within three months the two Central American leaders rode into Guatemala City at the head of an "army" considerably smaller than a modern division. There had been much bloodshed, beheadings, and displays of heads in the public plazas for some years before this final successful attempt. As can be conjectured, the gory heads were those of Barrios's fellow-fighters, not his.

The eliminations continued. Within two years Barrios had pushed aside his associate and taken over the reins of government. He was sole dictator —with various trappings of self-made legality—for twelve years. He might have kept on ruling indefinitely had he not lost his life trying to recreate a Central American Federation by armed force and a white charger.

In the long line of Central American dictators, he stands out to this day as the one important "reformer." He battled the Church, which instigated incessant uprisings and wars against him; he confiscated its properties; did a good deal about modern communications, schools, and coffee-growing. Otherwise he was as tough as his predecessors; he executed all enemies implacably, allowed no criticism, ruled by unusually cruel provincial militarists, and instituted forced labor—drawn from the Indian villages at the point of the bayonet—on the private *fincas* or plantations.

—*From "Portrait of Latin America."*

"Mayan Legend," by Emilio Vera.

Mrs. Raine pours this fighting "eagle" into a fictionalized yarn of scant dimensions from which he emerges pretty well stripped of his talons, his eyes moist with romance and sentiment. It is a very well told tale, however, on a rather teen-age level. But the starkness of his struggle and the starkness of his program and the utter ruthlessness of his methods are pretty well blurred. And even the casual reader is apt to be slightly amused by the little epilogue implying that all the blood and thunder, the sacrifice and the so-called reforms were to make Guatemala a better and safer place for American business.

Her preface statement also seems somewhat of a broad generalization: "He changed the political and social life of his country from an antiquated, personal system guided by men with selfish interests, to the liberal democratic government it is becoming today." Actually his was one of the most personal governments Guatemala ever had; and not until three years ago, under the present government of Dr. Arévalo, was Barrios's bayonet-labor system finally abolished. After Barrios came revolutions, an assassination, the horrible twenty-year dictatorship of Estrada Cabrera, and the recent long prison-torture system of Jorge Ubico—to hop-skip through the sad record and get to the present remarkably democratic and enlightened government now in power.

A much more authentic picture, steeped with the real life of Guatemala, and covering much the same type of power and liberation struggle, can be obtained from Oliver La Farge's fine novel "Sparks Fly Upward." However, Mrs. Raine is to be commended on presenting in easy, readable form a figure of whom there is no adequate biography even in Spanish and about whom little research has been done, but who stands like a colossus across the history of Middle America, and who, for all his defects, today seems a symbol of progress and freedom. He may have been a pretty cloud-sieved ray of light, but in a wholly murky sky such a ray is likely to seem as bright and encouraging as Mrs. Raine makes it out to be.

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Fiction. *Now that Robert Penn Warren's Pulitzer Prize novel, "All the King's Men," has been effectively dramatized and its movie version is in preparation, his new collection of short stories and novelettes, may, besides proving his productivity, establish him as one of our few major writers. He is, on the whole, writing about the social and political conflicts in the South, with Negro poverty and the sharecroppers as major themes. Also reviewed in this issue is the dramatic novel of a crusading Mississippi editor, Hodding Carter. He has substituted as his major character his arch-enemy, old Bilbo, for Warren's Huey Long in "All the King's Men." For relief from our own present troubles you will find entertainment in Raoul Faure's "Lady Godiva and Master Tom." This old legend has something to do with economics, too, since the lady rode bare-back through Coventry to relieve the people's tax burden.*

Psychoanalyzing a Risqué Legend

LADY GODIVA AND MASTER TOM. By Raoul C. Faure. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 243 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

"MY TASK which I am trying to achieve," Joseph Conrad once said, "is, by the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, above all, to make you *see*." There have been few passages in present-day fiction I've come across that as vividly recalled to my mind that statement as the sixty-odd pages in this novel which give an account of Lady Godiva's famous ride in the nude through the deserted streets of eleventh-century Coventry. You really *see* the medieval city with its ivy-grown walls and turrets, towered over by cathedral and castle, its cobbled alleys and squares, its fountains and public washboards, its framework guild houses, and the shuttered homes of its burghers. And while you seem to see the scene with your own eyes, you also watch it as if through the eyes of Godiva's old nurse—who, in this version, is the one to catch Peeping Tom—and with the somewhat wilful eyes of the woman herself whose strange and admittedly risqué story Mr. Faure has ventured to lift out of the realm of pious legend.

This is a bold and curious undertaking; and the fact that the author makes two of his protagonists—Lady Godiva's husband and his Jewish-Italian treasurer and confidant—discuss in the closing pages the working of legend and myth makes it no less curious, if less bold. Add to this Mr. Faure's evident preoccupation with psychoanalysis and his well-nigh dislike of the Saxon lady, and you may have an inkling of how puzzling a book has come from the pen of this rightly admired Frenchman whose beautiful, urbane English has very few equals among writers born to this language.

As you may have guessed, his Godiva is not forced into her ride. True, as the original countess, she beseeches her husband to lessen the tax burden of the common people. But Mr. Faure's Leofric yields to his wife's request with a minimum of ado, only to be confronted by her with the idea of combining the publication of his ordinance with a personal proof of her "penitence"—a feeling about whose highly questionable nature Godiva's latter-day chronicler leaves no doubt. She is a frustrated woman in his story, and detests her spouse. Subsequently she takes Tom as her lover, and in a paroxysm of moral insanity plots with him to have her husband killed by a Norman baron (an intrigue which she hopes will further her career). That the cuckold remains alive and still very much in love with his wife gives a final and—to me—incomprehensible twist to the tale.

The debunking of legends is always a dangerous enterprise, unless it is done through plain burlesque—the way, for instance, Mr. Faure's countrymen Meilhac and Halevy did it in writing Offenbach's lyrics—it runs the risk of coming close to the kind of satire which, instead of humanizing the stained-glass window figures of tradition, merely distorts them. I must confess that the new Godiva's toyful perversity is beyond me. Not that women of her kind may not exist. But the idea of putting one of them in the place of the old Godiva makes no sense to me—despite all the Freudian wisdom dropping from the lips of Messer Ezra, the above-mentioned Jew, and even in spite of the enchanting qualities of Mr. Faure's style. What—to my mind, again—remains of the story is what has always been in it: the picture of a beauteous naked woman, half-wrapped in her long golden hair, riding on a white charger through her awe-stricken city.

Proustian Exploration

CIRCUS IN THE ATTIC AND OTHER STORIES. By Robert Penn Warren. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 276 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY NASH SMITH

THE NOVELTIES and short stories collected in Mr. Warren's new book, displaying his development over a period of seventeen years, show how his imagination has nourished itself upon Proustian exploration of a remembered world of childhood in Northwestern Tennessee. The chronological line is not neat and simple, but it is nevertheless clear that he has moved from isolated moments of recapturing the past toward a fuller and fuller imaginative grasp of the society within which he grew up. This tendency culminates in the vivid political awareness of "All the King's Men."

The most prominent theme of the earlier stories is the integral relation between a rural folk and the land, and the normal source of conflict or disaster is the violation of this organic pattern by some outside force. The stranger in "Blackberry Winter" is potentially such a force, although the menace he embodies is kept at the edge of a child's consciousness. Luke Goodwood, the hunter and baseball player, is fatally shattered when he is drawn away from the land to attempt a career in professional baseball. Jeff York kills himself when his wife forces him to sell his farm so she may buy a hamburger stand in town. The divisive and tragic im-

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pulses at work in the novelette "Prime Leaf" originate in the meaningless fluctuations of tobacco prices in distant markets.

But the outside forces could not affect the society if they did not encounter some answering evil within it. This is often a kind of irrational compulsion, as in the two companion stories about Elsie Barton and her daughter. Benjamin Beaumont the tobacco buyer and Frank Barber the railroad detective and bootlegger, both felt as alien and sinister, are the immediate sources of evil, but here the attention is fixed rather on the dark currents of motivation in the two women. If Mr. Warren finds in his characters compulsions that recall Faulkner, his treatment of them is quite different, for he analyzes them with clinical thoroughness and brings to the surface matters that Faulkner ordinarily keeps buried and mysterious.

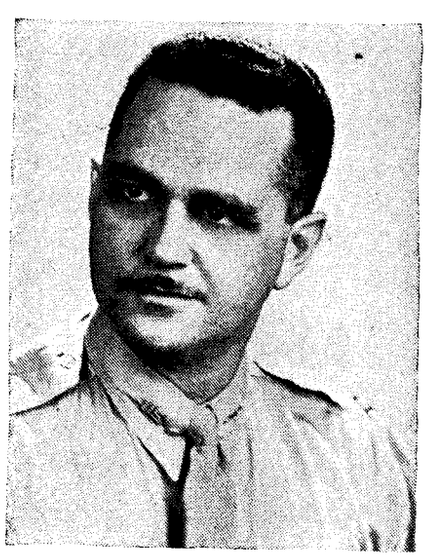
Despite the occasional triumphs of these earlier pieces, none of them, is an entirely satisfactory thing-in-itself. They suggest, in fact, that Mr. Warren is a novelist rather than a short-story writer. The awareness of society as a complex structure of individuals and classes can hardly be rendered in a brief flash. This is even more certainly true of the concern with the relation between past and present which is so central in Mr. Warren's work. The psychological basis of this interest is perhaps the very process of childhood reminiscence, which revives the past within a present from which it is irretrievably separated by time. The Tennessee folk whom Mr. Warren depicts so well and whose vernacular speech he puts to such remarkable use are themselves, a product of time, of long residence in a given environment. Indeed, the whole character of Southern society as it appears derives from its traditional quality, which confers upon every aspect of life a ceremonial order. These matters are not adapted to the quick intensity of the short story.

But Mr. Warren needs only a slightly greater space to manage them perfectly. The newly published novelette which is the title piece of "The Circus in the Attic" manages to pack into sixty pages an historical perspective stretching back a century and a half, an accurate diagram of social relationships in a Tennessee town, an analytical biography of the central character, and adequate portraits of half a dozen others. Bolton Lovehart, the hero, is imprisoned by his mother's cannibalistic fixation on him. After several desperate and pathetic efforts to escape, which he himself only dimly understands, he finds in the secret hobby of carving a toy circus from

—*Emmett E. Smith.*

Raoul C. Faure's "beautiful, urbane English has very few peers among writers born to this language."

"If Robert Penn Warren finds compulsions that recall Faulkner, his treatment is quite different."



"Sex, lusty and definitely unsubtle, seems to crowd Hodding Carter's message into the background."

wood compensation for the actual life she has forbidden him to lead. By the time his mother dies at eighty-seven he is past fifty and no longer able to take advantage of his freedom. These themes and various subordinate ones, such as the impact of the Second World War on the community, are managed with an autocratic precision that could hardly have been predicted on the basis of the work preceding "All the King's Men." "The Circus in the Attic" confirms the impression left by that novel, that within the past couple of years Mr. Warren has raised himself to a new command over his materials and by that fact has entered the first rank of American writers.

The Satanic Ticket

FLOOD CREST. By Hodding Carter. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 278 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL FLOWERS

DURING the summer of 1946, Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize winning editor-publisher of the Greenville, Miss., *Delta Democrat-Times*, and Theodore G. Bilbo exchanged a series of body blows, while The Man was making his last campaign for a seat in the United States Senate.

For once in his political career, Bilbo found himself arrayed against a fighter who could match him in tactics, and the battle developed into a vicious and vitriolic exchange . . . nothing new for either principal, for Bilbo had been assailed heartily many times before, and Hodding Carter had measured swords with the late Huey Long in Louisiana.

During that 1946 campaign, Hodding Carter had reviewed Bilbo's political record, becoming the second Greenville man of letters to pay respects to The Man in denunciations both passionate and bitter. Years earlier, William Alexander Percy, in the chapter "Bottom Rail on Top" from "Lanterns on the Levee," had written on the then ascending Bilbo, without calling him by name:

> The man responsible for tearing father's reputation to shreds and saddening three lives was a pert little monster, glib and shameless, with that sort of cunning common to criminals which passes for intelligence. The people loved him. They loved him not because they were deceived in him, but because they understood him thoroughly; they said of him proudly, "He's a slick little bastard." He was one of them and had risen from obscurity to glittering infamy . . . it was as if they

(*Continued on page* 24)

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Americana. *In suggesting below that the title of Alfred Bill's "Rehearsal for Conflict" might rather have been "Prelude to Conflict," Mr. Nevins is on sure ground, for he is the author of the recent "Ordeal of the Union," an authoritative study of the crisis that led to the Civil War. Historians are like archeologists: some, like Professor Nevins, lay bare and interpret a whole strata in time; others, like Mr. Bill in his study of the Mexican War, work intensively in one section of the same level; the authors of Rinehart's River Series, the latest of which is reviewed here, sink exploratory pits vertically into the past; still others assemble the remains of a period and let them speak for themselves. This Milton Crane has accomplished in his "The Roosevelt Era."*

Neglected Part of Our National Story

REHEARSAL FOR CONFLICT: The Story of Our War With Mexico, 1846-1848. By Alfred Hoyt Bill. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 342 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

COMPOUNDING his book of three main elements—a study of the fighting in Mexico and the Southwest, an analysis of the political drama in Washington, and a liberal use of picturesque social detail—the author of "Beleaguered City" has now given us our first really good popular history of the war with Mexico. It is a very good piece of history indeed, and many readers should discover an unexpected fascination in it. The Mexican campaigns involved far more peril, hardship, and heroism than is generally understood, and the rapid American victories, won at immense distances from our bases, were creditable both to the fighting power of Scott's and Taylor's troops, and the intimate planning in logistics by the high command. At the nation's capital, meanwhile, President Polk maintained a statesmanlike view of the general situation, and amid the intrigues of politicians, the mutual jealousies of military men, and the fickle currents of public sentiment, solved the main problems of war and peace with unfailing good judgment. Most Americans took exuberant satisfaction in the triumphant conflict, but from the very outset it was plain that the spoils of victory would provoke a sectional quarrel of dangerous heat.

Mr. Bill correctly finds two heroes in the war: the common soldier, and James K. Polk. While much may be said in praise of the dash and determination of Old Rough and Ready, and much for the tactical address of Old Fuss and Feathers, it is impossible not to regard both Taylor and Scott with serious reservations. At Buena Vista, Taylor almost involved his army in disaster. He disobeyed the President's orders, he grazed defeat, he was indeed at one time practically beaten; only his personal valor, his ready orders ("Double shot your guns and give them hell!"), and the gallantry of Jefferson Davis's Mississippi Rifles and Bragg's artillerymen saved the day. Scott, however able as a field commander, was always passionate, vain, and quarrelsome. The plain American soldier, however, covered himself with glory. To be sure, green volunteers displayed the usual readiness to straggle, loot, and on occasion run away. But as they grew seasoned, they vied with the regulars in exploits that should never be forgotten. American forces were ready to make incredible marches under Kearny, to carry the almost impregnable fortifications of Chapultepec under Pillow and Worth, and to endure guerrillas, disease, and homesickness with fine discipline under almost any leader. Polk, shrewdly watching the operations, wrote in his diary that the troops would have won the war without any generals whatever.

At the same time, the war had its sickening side. The confusion, inefficiency, waste, and blundering were as bad as in the wars of 1812, 1861, and 1898. Small as the forces were (Taylor won his chief victory with 15,000 men), they were frequently ill-provisioned, ill-munitioned, and ill-transported. Parties of American troops were captured asleep without sentries. At San Molino the attack stalled with heavy losses because the scaling-ladders were not ready. Men went hungry for lack of wagons to bring up food. At one critical stage of his campaigns Scott's army seemed melting away because of expiring enlistments. When he tried to pay for supplies furnished by the Mexican population, a sound policy, the government denied him funds. In Washington the antagonisms of Democrats and Whigs never ceased to create difficulties for President and generals alike. It was Polk's steadfastness in following principle, the trained skill of the West Point graduates, and the resourcefulness of the pioneer-bred Americans which in the end triumphed over all difficulties. By the time Scott rode on his tall bay charger to the door of the National Palace in Mexico City, and sat down at his desk in that building to write out his announcement of victory, the Americans

—From "The American Past."

War news speeded to the home front by "electromagnetic telegraph" . . . As green volunteers "grew seasoned, they vied with regulars in exploits that should never be forgotten."

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had somehow learned to conduct their war with fair efficiency.

The account of the Mexican campaigns here given is excellent, though what is now our American Southwest is somewhat slighted. The study of national politics is good too, even if little attention is paid to the mounting Freesoil Movement and the angry resentments which gave birth to Van Buren's candidacy in 1848 and the election of a Whig President following the resplendent success of a Democratic President in enlarging the national domain by one-third. Livelier and more compressed than Justin H. Smith or George Lockhart Rives, this volume will replace both for the general reader. Its subtitle is not strictly accurate; the conflict was not a rehearsal for the Civil War so much as a prelude to it. Mr. Bill might have said more of its importance in bringing into the foreground of national life the almost irrepressible conflict between those who were determined to expand slavery, and those who were still more determined to hem it in. But he has produced a capital short history of a neglected part of our national story.

Nearly Everybody

THE ROOSEVELT ERA. Edited by Milton Crane. New York: Boni & Gaer. 1947. 626 *pp.* $4.75.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

THIS is an anthology with a purpose: "to assemble a coherent and connected group of materials for a social history of the age." The age is that of Franklin Roosevelt. The President, says the editor, "is the hero, rather than the subject, of this book."

Well, nearly everybody's in it. The contributors range in latitude from Walter Lippmann to James Farrell, in longitude from Thurman Arnold to James Thurber. They run all the gamuts of all the emotions from Henry Wallace's broadcast "to the little businessmen of the nation" to Reinhold Niebuhr, who writes "An End to Illusions."

What do all these prove, these and five dozen more of the great and near-great and the not-so-near-great? Whatever one wants proved. That is the good of a generously selected anthology. As Jonathan Daniels says in a diverting foreword:

> The pieces . . . put together here, Milton Crane, the editor collected in the exciting understanding that he was letting the period speak for itself in self-pity and self-analysis, in anger and fear, and in comedy as well as courage.

Let the matter go at that.

Liquid Mason-Dixon Line

—*From the book jacket.*

THE TENNESSEE. The New River: Civil War to TVA. By Donald Davidson. Illustrated by Theresa Sherrer Davidson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 377 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLSON WHITMAN

IN THE "Rivers of America Series" the Tennessee deserves two volumes, one for the old river and a second for the new one that TVA made. But old or new, this liquid Mason-Dixon line is a cantankerous river, bending and twisting to isolate little islands of local prejudice.

In starting his second volume with the Civil War, Mr. Davidson shows a Southern approach to TVA as a continuation of the Yankee power-grab of '61. But for a Southern writer he mercifully compresses the Civil War story, using only a hundred pages to tell a heedless generation how it was that Grant won by building an inland navy on the Tennessee, which was important even though its puny warships could be captured by the cavalry of General Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Recounting the real injustices of reconstruction, the author sees the South as wholly innocent victim, thus missing a chance to explain such manifestations as the Scopes and Scottsboro trials in terms of exhaustion and poverty. Instead, Yankee lawyers Darrow and Leibowitz are still the enemy, and he quotes Burke on the indictment of a people, not against Southern unfairness to the Negro but against Yankee criticism of the South.

Coming to TVA, Mr. Davidson betrays his distaste for the whole program but does, as a conscientious historian, give TVA credit for considerable accomplishment, thus in effect keeping a foot on each bank of the river. This is a representative Southern attitude; as he puts it:

> TVA could, and it would and it did, make a new river, and not only a new river but a new river system. The supporters of TVA had reason to exult in that. The transformation was marvelous. Still, it was not exactly the transformation that Tennessee and Alabama might have thought up.

With every admission that TVA did a good job goes a hint that it might have been better, or anyhow credit should go to somebody else—say Senator McKellar or the army engineers. Of the many lawsuits, Mr. Davidson admits that TVA won but he quotes wistfully from corporation counsel. Reporting Congressional hearings of '38, he is accurate in detail—this writer was there too—but his sympathies are with the Republicans who hoped so desperately to find something rotten in the New Deal.

Yet it would be unfair to "The Tennessee" to classify it with other books by Vanderbilt professors which have openly attacked public power. Mr. Davidson avoids the power issue; as an agrarian he seems also to say surprisingly little about farming, although he deplores the flooding of fat bottom lands and doubts the necessity for TVA emphasis on the erosion that was eating away the hills. Complaint that here and there hill farmers still plow corn rows implies both that TVA persuasions to the contrary are sound and that they are not tyrannically compulsive.

It would also be unfair to overlook the vast amount of information that Mr. Davidson has gathered and presents, even when it is against his side. He knows and loves the river. Writing without regional curlicues, with the precision of a professor anywhere, he tells you about the past and present of Shoals mussels and notes that Pickwick Landing was named by a reader of Dickens.

That "The Tennessee" ends with a steamer trip instead of a discussion of the river as a provider of atomic power is to be expected. North or South, many people, like the author, prefer travel to change.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 722)

HENRY ADAMS:
*TO CHARLES W. ELIOT**

I propose that Mr. H. C. Lodge should have a course in U. S. History coterminous with mine. His views being Federalist and conservative have as good a right to expression in the College as mine which tend to democracy and radicalism. [The clash of opinions can hardly fail to stimulate inquiry among the students.]

*Boston, March 2, 1877. H.C.L. had been a student in H. A.'s classes in 1870 and had been one of three to receive the Ph.D., in Political Science, the first offered by Harvard. C.W.E. had been President of Harvard one year.

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To Tell the Truth

IRVING BABOW

IT WASN'T announced as a "truth serum." And nobody anticipated the strange effect it would have on the people of the United States.

Originally, it had been developed as a serum for protection against influenza. The research workers made no pretentious claims for it, and indicated cautiously that further experimentation was necessary.

But after a while, all doubts concerning the effectiveness of the serum vanished. So remarkable were its powers against influenza that it was only natural that a law should be passed requiring immediate universal inoculation of the entire population and of all persons entering our country.

Public health officers reported a speedy decline in the incidence of influenza, but there came from all parts of the country indications that the serum injections produced a strange non-toxic effect on the brain. Inhibitory speech controls, stated the medical reports, were broken down so that the individual had to speak truthfully concerning what was "on his mind."

The anti-influenza serum, it turned out, also had properties which, for want of a better term, caused it to be called a "truth serum."

Within a week after the mass inoculations, truth began to pop in little and big explosions from New York to San Francisco.

As Winchell put it—"If Diogenes could return with his lamp for another look-see for an honest gee, he'd find everybody and his uncle—even the Broadway agents and double-talk artists—breaking their necks to tell the truth, pure, simple, and unadulterated."

In the Middle West, Hiram Twohy, a Congressional candidate, speaking at a campaign rally, told his audience:

> Anybody with an ounce of brains could see I ain't fit to be elected Congressman and would vote for my opponent, Jim Bradley. Being a good grain salesman and the best horse-shoe pitcher and guitar player this side of the Rockies is no reason to send me to Washington. Now take Jim—there's a man . . .

This refreshing candor was matched by all other aspirants for public office. And accordingly the *Congressional Record* began appearing with many blank pages. A great change was also soon noted in the newspapers of the country. For instance, the advertising section of the *Chicago Clarion* had this typical store ad:

> **CLEARANCE SALE** of our Shoddy Blankets, unfit for human use. Specially over-priced for this sale, $10.95, but not worth half the price. Guaranteed to shrink and fall apart after the first washing. Why throw away your money?

The society pages also underwent some modifications. For example, Dolly Francisco, society editor of the *San Francisco Post*, wrote this story on the wedding of Dagmar Duprez to J. Morton Trimble III:

> This was probably the most insufferable social event of a very dull season. The bride blushingly gave her age as forty-two, but the old battle-axe could have been an eye-witness to the San Francisco Fire. At long last, little Dagmar's folks have got her married off to Morty, the chinless wonder. He couldn't hold down a job as grocery clerk, and will be manager of father-in-law's wholesale grocery firm. At the wedding, where the Duprez mausoleum was too cold and the champagne too warm, the bride looked simply ghastly in her satin gown. The groom wore a harassed expression befitting a condemned man.

The book publishers' blurbs appearing in book sections of newspapers and magazines in their new form could be illustrated by an item like this:

> "Eternal Wench" is Elizabeth Kenton's first novel, and all who like literature sincerely hope it's her last. If Lizzie could write one-tenth as well as she rolls her eyes, she'd be a cinch for the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes. If you wonder why a conservative house like ours publishes racy bilge like E. W., just take a look at Kenton's photo and ask yourself what a natural she is for exploitation and cheesecake merchandising. With the promotion campaign we're giving this book, even the Sears Roebuck catalogue would be a best seller.

Broadcasting, too, showed some new departures. On the program "Hit Tunes of the Week," the orchestra leader Sammy Brine introduced his new song "Moon Madness" with this comment:

> Anybody who thinks this is original doesn't know an arpeggio from a glissando. All I did was take a few chords from Tchaikovsky's "None But the Lonely Heart," Brahm's "Lullaby," a Bach fugue, and a dash of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemp." What came out is the hodge-podge you'll hear now.

Don Jentzen, the genial announcer on the Johnny Spleen Show, said in giving the commercial:

> For the last twelve weeks, I've been paid to make an ass of myself reading the commercials written by the president of the outfit sponsoring this clambake. I've imitated a telegraph, a broken phonograph record, a locomotive, and a laughing hyena. Even a moron wouldn't stand for the hog-wash I've been dishing out, to say nothing of buying the product. I wouldn't touch it myself with a ten-foot pole.

The radio commentators and news analysts presented some innovations in their broadcasts. Typical was the pontifical Dawney Cloose, Jr., who had always spoken with the voice of authority and who now commented:

> Today there's more disturbing news on the Trieste crisis. Another day, another crisis. Strictly entre nous, I didn't know where the darn place was until I looked it up in the atlas. And if I hadn't consulted my trusty little encyclopedia before the broadcast, I wouldn't be gabbing now for thirteen minutes on why Trieste is fraught with significance. Instead of wasting your time listening to this yapping, why don't you run down to the nearest bar for a nice cool glass of beer and chew the fat with some people who probably know more about it than I do?

And on the editorial page of 469 newspapers, the syndicated columnist Underwood Pelten observed: "For years now, I've been bamboozling the public by confusing bile with brains, and being agin everything as a cover-up for not knowing very much about anything."

PERHAPS the most unpredicted transformation came from Hollywood. The Hollywood Yes-Men's Protective Association, the Screen's Publicists Guild, the Motion Picture Producers' Association, and sundry other cinema groups announced plaintively that reports of the serum rendered them almost speechless.

Henry Hawkins, producer of "Lawless," prepared entirely new copy for his billboards and newspaper advertising along this line:

> "Lawless" reaches a new nadir in motion-picture production. Our

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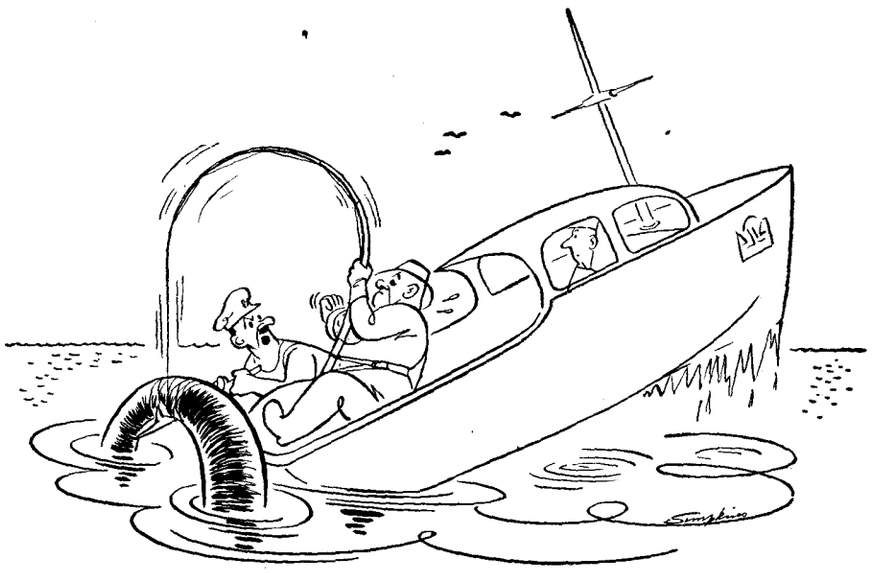

"Throw it back. It's the Atlantic cable."

photogenic new star couldn't have gotten a bit part in her high-school play, and the leading man should have stuck to his job of service-station attendant. But you will have to agree after seeing "Lawless" that a little cheesecake goes a long way.

One of the particularly plaintive expressions came from a new organization—the American Association of Criminal Practitioners. The AACP issued this statement to the press:

> A blow at a billion-dollar-a-year industry—crime—has been struck below the belt. Our criminal entrepreneurs typify the free-booting spirit of Jesse James. Our calling is distinguished by daring ingenuity, rugged individual enterprise in their most creative and untrammeled form. It is an unfair and un-American encroachment on our means of livelihood when a man cannot earn a dishonest living. How can a man be expected to pursue his criminal career when this dastardly serum has him immediately confessing to the police and the world at large his trade secrets and details of private operations?
>
> A blow at crime not only strikes at all the criminal practitioners, but think of all the police and law enforcement officers, the detective story writers, the crime magazines, Dick Tracy, 'Mr. District Attorney,' and all the others deprived of their livelihood when we are put out of business. Write your Congressman now to protest this creeping collectivism and regimentation.

Another complaint along the same line came from Bernard McSpavin, spokesman for the True Life Story Publishers League:

> This synthetic serum is contrary to all rules of nature and breath control. The volume of contributions to our magazines has dwindled to naught, and our readers see no need to purchase true magazines when everybody goes around telling the truth in a most unnatural fashion.

From the "nationalists" and the native fascists came an interesting interpretation, best expressed by Gerry K. K. K. Jones: "This serum is a Jewish - plutocratic - Communist invention, just as the truth is. All loyal red-blooded nationalists see in the truth a plot to pollute our pure American bloodstream with foreign isms."

People who applied at travel bureaus for information about vacation resorts would get information and brochures like this one issued by the Rio del Siesta Lodge:

> We've doubled our rates, but our accommodations and meals are just as bad as ever. "No mosquitoes," it says here—but don't you believe it. If the brook trout supposed to be in the river here bit as well as the mosquitoes, this would be an angler's paradise. And speaking of fish, the last one caught here was a four-ounce catfish three seasons ago. The pretty picture in this leaflet shows a magnificent tennis court. Well, the fact is the court is cracked and full of gopher holes. There's no net up and no fence.

In the sports world, too, there were some curious manifestations. The Wrestlers Association announced they were closing up shop. Because of their thespian experience on the mat they were thinking of trying out for summer stock where they could grunt and groan in the best Chekhovian tradition.

Boxers, in predicting to sportswriters the outcome of their next fight, followed the pattern of Billy Bashlich, contender for the welterweight throne, who said: "I'm in punk condition and haven't got a chance. If I were you, I'd put my money on Krasne. There's a clean fighter, lots of style and a left hook that's a cinch to give me the KO before the third round."

Perhaps the most affected group in the country was the public relations counsels, and their poor relatives—the ghost-writers, publicists, promoters, and press agents.

The clients of public relations counsels indicated some variations in their public presentations. For instance, J. Wilbur Thomas, president of U. S. Paregoric, said in the banquet tendered him by his employees and associates at the Waldorf:

> These remarks I'm making now were not, of course, prepared by me, but by Larry Forbes, who ghost-writes all my speeches. I might add that the idea for this testimonial banquet spontaneously tendered to me by all of you was also his idea. The Senate Investigating Committee dug up a lot of dirt about our operations, but there were a few sharp corners they overlooked. And I'd like to tell you now why we were able to give a $2.32 dividend last quarter. It's an interesting little story that I think you'll enjoy. . . .

No one knew just where this rash of truth-speaking would lead the country. But just twenty-seven days after the mass inoculations were completed, signs began to appear that the effect was beginning to wear off, and things were getting back to normal.

In fact, the first incident proving conclusively that the truth serum was no longer potent was when Bertram Bog, prominent St. Louis merchant and man-about-town, phoned his wife, Millicent, that he would not be home for dinner because he was detained at the office and asked her not to wait up.

What finally convinced the whole country that there was no longer anything to worry about concerning the truth serum was this interview Madam Nadia-Knish, the concert singer, gave the press:

> It is since 1932 that I have retired from the opera and concert but every year my public has beckoned me to give one last final farewell tour and whom am I to refuse their entreaties? So, tomorrow, in the War Memorial Opera House I give absolutely my swan song. From San Francisco, my tour, it takes me to across the country and to Rome, Prague, Vienna—my dear Vienna — Paris, London, and also maybe Leningrad, where for the last time my public will have the opportunity to hear the voice which Mikhailovich, dear old Fyodor, described as not the voice of a nightingale, not the voice of a tinkling bell, but the voice of Nadia-Knish.

After this, the entire populace recovered.

Thus it was that the nation was saved from a fate worse than influenza.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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White Tape

red tape. The tape used in public offices for tying up documents, etc.; hence, extremely formal official action; scrupulous adherence to prescribed routine, esp. when the result is delay or inaction.

THIS sober, restrained dictionary definition falls somewhat short of the more lively and pungent image that comes to mind at the mention of "red tape." When anything gets all fouled up by mental midgets in government jobs who can think of at least a dozen statutes in unreadably small type to block even the simplest required action, you know that red tape has come into its own. Red tape, in short, is the longest official distance between the two points of what you want and when you are likely to get it.

"Red tape," writes a Washington correspondent, "is no longer limited to petty Government channels. It is tying up some of the most important jobs before our Government. Congressional red-tape delay in authorizing adequate aid to Europe, for example, is threatening the peace itself."

It seems to us, however, that on the level of building the peace, what is involved is not only red tape but something far more obstructive, far more difficult to unwind or cut, far more dangerous. We refer to white tape. White tape cannot be seen; it can only be felt. It exists in the mind. It is the death chamber in the brain for condemning positive programs. It strangulates ideals, squashes hopes, shrinks real, fully grown possibilities so that they collapse as soon as they appear. It is a condition of cerebral stoppage causing the individual to feel himself lost when confronted by a vital challenge of overwhelming importance. It is the unseen machinery through which impassiveness operates.

Right now, as it concerns the most important question of the last one thousand years, white tape represents the main obstruction. That question is world government. We are plunging headlong into the last of the great wars—not because the world is too small for both the United States and Russia (long before the world heard of communism, capitalism, Stalin, Vishinsky, Truman, and Senator Austin, the nations were rocked by war) —but because there exists no common authority with ability to insure the physical security of both nations or to block the damaging ambitions of either. For in the absence of enforceable law binding on both, each nation is pushing forward vigorously with those unilateral measures best calculated to strengthen it against possible assault from the other. But protection and aggression can no longer be easily differentiated in a world which, with the exception of those two nations, is largely a power vacuum.

What stands in the way of world government? In the United States, white tape stands in the way. You hear that we are not ready for it. The world is not ready for it. There are too many differences. Too many peoples. No system of representation could be worked out. Russia could never agree. It would take at least 500 years. The concept itself is too grandiose. It is too idealistic. We have to be realistic, practical. . . .

It is apparently much easier and much more practical to have unlimited preparation for war on both sides. Much more practical for us to spend thirty billions for fighting planes, fifty billions for battleships, 160 billions for all the other tools and gadgets and bombs and poisons with which the next war will be fought. Much more practical to relocate our industries and build many of them underground, move eighty million people out of our cities. Much more practical to have the competitive race for security explode in a war, as it inevitably must from the saturation of tension.

What is it we are called upon to do? We are not called upon to work miracles. We are not called upon to level the mountains, or raise the plains. We are not called upon to empty the seas or lower the skies. We are called upon to make decisions. We are called upon to apply our intelligence and the lessons of history to the solution of difficult but not insoluble problems. We are called upon to say what it is we believe is necessary for the welfare of the human species, proposing and supporting those principles which would make war unnecessary and impossible. We are called upon to state that we, the American people, are willing to become part of a structure of world law with adequate powers to prevent war. That we are willing to advocate those revisions which would strengthen the United Nations into such a body. We are called upon, finally, to exert our unused but actually greatest strength—moral leadership.

If we do this, what about the others? Let us first know that we ourselves are willing to make that decision. And let us do it with some regard for the spaciousness of the ideal, with some sense of the grand moment of history, with some attention to the capacity of man to respond to and be stirred by the challenge of a courageous and imaginative leadership. That is what the world is waiting for, and that is what the world needs. And not until we ourselves are willing to stand before the world in that light will the real issue be clearly defined.

N. C.

Sleep Song for a Child

By Norma Lay

PRESS now, darling, past your satin pillow,
push beyond Babar, beyond the plushy ocelot,
push deeply through this hour and dream, dream
against the planet's rocky shoulder.

What tune
I offer you is quieted. Men still
chant rocket lullabies of jet-propulsion,
rehearse bomb sequences in muted chorus.
You will not always sleep. And lest sometime

you wake in loneliness, wake and remember
no lilt, no melody, I whisper now
the perfect rhythm, I turn you toward the silent
cadence of the planet as it whirls.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Confused by Mr. Werner

SIR: Is Alfred Werner serious in his review of "Poet of the Pleasure Principle" [*SRL* Dec. 20] or is he just kidding us little morons who subscribe to *SRL*? He speaks of Heine as ". . . the poet who arrayed himself against all systems . . . who treasured truth above the dogmas of the various parties." Whose "truth"? His own? Why then if he holds it with strong personal convictions isn't it one of his dogmas? Or why must the convictions of all other parties be "dogmas" and not "truths"? And just for the record can't a dogma be true?

Werner warns, "One must not misinterpret the statement he made on his mattress grave that he was 'no longer a Hellenist full of life . . .'." Of course, no one wishes to misinterpret anything, but what did the man mean? If he didn't mean what the words obviously convey, then what did he mean, and how does Mr. Werner know?

Mr. Werner states that "Heine looked askance at any philosophy that practised self-denial and self-mortification." One wonders if the truth of the folly of self-denial and self-mortification is one of the helps he has given to the world in its search for "the right path." Is the notion of the occasional practice of self-denial one of the dogmas of the various parties? Alfred Werner, Austrian-born editor and literary critic now living in the United States, may be a specialist on European literature, but he has me confused. Can you straighten me out, or should I consult Freud, "another great liberator of mankind" who receives honorable mention from Mr. Werner?

W. SULLIVAN.

Detroit, Mich.

Natural Law

SIR: It appears that your Richard McLaughlin ["The City and the Pillar," *SRL* Jan. 10] has become happily enslaved to the coming Kinsey report on "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" and its "astounding revelation." He is obviously floored by the Kinsey statement that "one out of three American males has had some adolescent homosexual experience," and is quite compelled by this and other Kinsey findings to conclude that "this seems to be the propitious time for an intelligent, well-balanced revaluation of our present legal codes on sexual behavior, normal or otherwise."

If it could be proved—or even suggested—that "one out of three American males has had some adolescent experience in stealing," would Mr. McLaughlin suggest a change in the laws on bank robberies?

Because a majority of wealthy ancient Romans—or, at any rate, one out of three—used to gorge themselves magnificently—does Mr. McLaughlin now wonder if it wasn't *right* for them to act like pigs?

A moral law—the natural law, Mr. McLaughlin — exists. It does not change with the decay of civilizations, nor can it be voted upon. It is in every man. It is in him for his protection, and for the protection of his family.

"And another thing. What happens to all that dough I paid in Social Security?"

Let us hope, when it comes to a "revaluation of our present legal codes," that the state will not entirely forsake the authority of the natural law, Mr. McLaughlin, for the juicy statistics of the Kinsey report.

MARY D. DALEY.

Cambridge, Mass.

Deuterons and Love

SIR: It was with great astonishment that I chanced to read in your otherwise superb and sober publication the bit of "poetry" used to fill the two-inch space at the bottom of page 30 [*SRL* Jan. 10]. If the author is serious, then hers is about the most childish piece of poetry I have ever glimpsed outside a kindergarten. Even to a poet, the spectacle of boys and girls strolling underneath a cyclotron must appear absurd. Need I, as a physicist, tell her that any college student rash enough to stroll anywhere near a cyclotron (let's be mystic and say it's emitting 200-megavolt deuterons with a range in air of several feet) would not only be endangering himself but his possible future offspring? They might even turn out to be—poets.

IRA M. FREEMAN.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer

SIR: In Carl Van Doren's "The Great Rehearsal," a discussion of the making of the Constitution, this sentence appears (p. 52): "The next day Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer [whose unusual name is unexplained] of Maryland took his seat."

But Mr. Van Doren explained it himself when he wrote the words "of Maryland." In Maryland the early fathers were characterized by two qualities—philoprogenitiveness and a marked feeling of superiority to each other. In 1787 there were two or three, maybe half a dozen, Daniel Jenifers, and the Constitution-maker did not propose to be mistaken for any other, so he put in the name of his estate. The Declaration of Independence, by the same token, was signed by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who wanted it distinctly understood that he was not Charles Carroll of Homewood, nor yet Charles Carroll the Barrister. In the Baltimore telephone directory today you will find not only a Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, but also a Daniel H. Carroll of P, and a John E. Hurst of W. The letters, I am told, are abbreviations of an ancestor's name, instead of an estate.

Mr. Van Doren passed without comment the significantly reversed name of another Maryland delegate, who refused to sign the Constitution after it was made. I refer to the drunken, disorderly, distinguished, and delightful Luther Martin.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.

"Plaster on a Wound"

SIR: Accolades for the fine, fearless editorial "Plaster on a Wound" [*SRL* Dec. 13]. Your appraisal of the superior Jewish race, and your paper's general firm stand for racial equality, should command action and admiration.

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

Southern Pines, N. C.

SIR: I agree better with editor Smith than with correspondent Cohen [*SRL* Jan. 3]. As a poet and a Christian I do profess to be an expert on Judaism. It is plain to me if not to Mr. Cohen that what's wrong with our "Christian" civilization is the Jew's refusal consciously to play the role offered them by their greatest prophet, the second Isaiah.

KELLY JAMES.

Oakdale, Calif.

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Seeing Things

FILM AND FACT

THE NAMES of the streams spanned by those improvised bridges on the way to Cassino, I do not now remember. I recall only the signs that two of them bore. One sign, like the bridge it described, was the work of our own Army engineers; the other of the British. The American placard must have been written by some past or future member of the Chamber of Commerce. Only its modesty was inconspicuous. It burst with exuberant statistics. Among many other claims, it boasted that the bridge was finished within twenty-four hours—the shortest time in history. The British engineers, having studied this sign and obviously been amused by its superlatives, carried understatement to a retaliatory point when they came to write their own sign. With deflating simplicity, theirs read, "There is absolutely nothing remarkable about this bridge."

When sitting before "To Live in Peace,"* I could not help thinking back to these two signs. The reasons for my doing so were many. War-torn Italy is the concern of this new Italian film. Its scene is one of those clustering hilltowns, perched fabulously on the ridges of the Apennines, that everyone who headed for the Rapido must have looked up to from the valleys, and even from the highlands, when the Allied advance had come to a costly halt at Monte Cassino. Inevitably this new Italian picture awakens special memories in the minds of those who were in Italy during the war. That goes without saying.

If I mention the signs on those two bridges, it is not to dwell upon the national differences between the British and the Americans at which they appear to hint. Instead, it is because those signs symbolize, in their way, the vast gulf separating the better foreign films dealing with the war from Hollywood's pictures on the same subject.

Superlatives are not unknown to Hollywood. The language, as our movie moguls and their drumbeaters employ it to describe their productions, is scarcely a precision instrument. It is more orgiastic than accurate; an orchestra consisting entirely of brasses. Excesses are its common indulgence; overstatements its normal means of saying anything. Compared to our screen's boasts for its most piffling products, the claims of those American Army engineers on their bridge smack of reticence.

What is overblown in Hollywood's press agentry is apt to be no less overblown in Hollywood's offerings. These, as a rule, substitute price tags for merit and mechanics for imagination. They appear to believe that life and the movies have little in common. Technically they are as lavish as spiritually they are deficient. Theirs is a chromiumed touch, a studio slickness, which destroys belief in them. Their budgets are full even when their narratives and their acting are empty. They keep calling attention to themselves—stridently, distractingly, vulgarly—saying, when they have nothing else to say, "Look at this! It cost plenty!" Even the best of our West Coast productions suffer from the immodesty of the way in which they are made. Even the best of them, when telling war stories, have been truer to Hollywood than to the war.

Anyone who has seen "Open City," "Shoe Shine," or "To Live in Peace" knows how different is the approach of these Italian war films. They are not victims of elephantiasis of the budget. They have not been made an ocean and a continent away from the scenes of anguish with which they deal. They are not the by-products of swimming pools, safety, and affluence. Their technical crudities are part of their emotional validity. Though each of them is a work of the imagination, all of them have the quality of documentaries. Truth, not make-believe, is their business. The tensions and terrors of war are in their blood. Their actors are people, rather than actors, and people who have plainly suffered much. Although they have many rare and remarkable qualities to boast about, as productions these Italian movies do not boast at all. Instead of coming between us and life, their cameras lead us directly into a reality so deeply felt, so honestly portrayed, that it in no way seems simulated.

MOST readers remember the first-tragedy man in Vincent Crummles's company. It was he, according to Mr. Crummles, who, when he played Othello, used to black himself all over. "But that's feeling a part and going into it as if you meant it," was Crummles's comment; "it isn't usual, more's the pity." Naïve and ridiculous as that tragedian, who subscribed to the theory of a total dip, may seem to all of us, there is something to be said for films which have been completely immersed in life. These three fine Italian films have made this clear, each in its different way.

Unlike "Open City" and "Shoe Shine," which faced the brutalities of war in unflinching terms, "To Live in Peace" handles these same brutalities ironically. Its real subject is the

"The script of 'To Live in Peace' creates the sense of being life-sprung, not studio-hatched. The director can claim the same virtue. So can the acting."

* *TO LIVE IN PEACE, screen play by Suso Cecchi D'Amico, Aldo Fabrizi, and Piero Tellini. Directed by Luigi Zampa. Produced by Carlo Ponti for Lux-Pas Films. Presented by Times Film Corporation. With a cast including Aldo Fabrizi, Gar Moore, John Kitzmiller, Heinrich Bode, Mirella Monti, Ave Ninchi, Gino Cavalieri, etc. At the World Theatre.*

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WILLIAM HANSEN • ALBERT RUIZ
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

KATHARINE CORNELL GODFREY TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
Martin Beck, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mat. Wed-Sat

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The Winslow Boy
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Production by JED HARRIS
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ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with
JAY FASSETT
PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

hatreds forced on men by war itself against the inclination of their hearts. Its point, and a point eloquently made, is that people are people first and nationals afterwards, and that as people, in spite of their national differences, their capacity to get along with one another is genuine.

The villagers in "To Live in Peace," although a quarreling and excitable lot, are essentially friendly. When the film starts, they are still behind the German lines. It is only at the end that they are "liberated." Their loyalties, more precisely their decencies, are tested by the discovery in the woods nearby of two Americans who have escaped from a Nazi prison-camp. One of these is a journalist, the other a severely wounded Negro. The Germans have announced that anyone befriending the enemy will be put to death. Notwithstanding this order, a family in the village runs the risk of taking these Americans into their home. Not only do the Italians and the Americans get along well, but—and this is the picture's major irony—a German soldier and the Negro fraternize, quite happily, when both are drunk. Sobriety and the next morning's headache are required to recall hatred to the German and reduce him once again to being a sufferer from that greater headache which is war.

It is hard to describe the qualities which at every turn of the camera distinguish "To Live in Peace." The script itself has a vitality, a truth, a humor, and a wisdom which even translated captions cannot destroy. It creates the sense of being life-sprung, not studio-hatched. The direction can claim the same virtue. So can the acting, which throughout is extraordinary in its naturalness.

However capably these Italian players may perform, they create the illusion of having been overtaken by the camera rather than posed for it. One could swear that they had never heard of wig-makers, costumers, or make-up boxes. The supreme achievement of their acting is to be as relaxed and seemingly unstudied as if they were not performing at all. Their faces are left unprettified. They are weathered by life's rigors and worries. Lines—earned lines—show in them as proudly as if they were medals on a hero's tunic.

No one who saw "Open City" can have forgotten Aldo Fabrizzi's performance of the Catholic priest. But, admirable as he was in that earlier film, Fabrizi's playing of the prelate left undisclosed the magnificent gift for comedy which is his. What Raimu was to the French screen Fabrizi is to the Italian. His homeliness is one of his most attractive features. His

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seeming artlessness is an outstanding contributor to his art. His moods are forever changing, only his dignity and authority remain constant.

Perhaps Fabrizi's most welcome virtue, and the distinguishing characteristic of these Italian films, is that they are totally, and blessedly, unglamorized. It was a sorry day for Hollywood and for the American screen when glamor ceased to be a noun and became an industry. At that moment Hollywood made enticement rather than truth its business. At that moment it divorced itself from life and walked out on what it might have been, and still could be. Because glamor, as Hollywood turns it out on the assembly line, is a specious product which not only stunts our films but generally denies them the respect it is so easy to feel for such a picture as "To Live in Peace."

JOHN MASON BROWN.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

themselves had crashed the headlines. Vardaman's power waned and this man rose to power. . . .

Followed then more than a score of years, and another Greenville writer unlimbered his pen against Bilbo . . . this time it was Hodding Carter, and he named names. The scorn and bitterness in Carter's editorials got under Bilbo's skin, and he retaliated, calling the editor a "plain, ordinary, everyday, garden variety, vile, vicious, limoculous liar," after Carter had reminded the civilized world that Bilbo had proclaimed, in a political speech, that he "was for every damned Jew from Jesus Christ on down."

It was not the name calling and vilification, however, that roused Hodding Carter's indignation against Bilbo. It was something deeper, the manifestation of a spiritual chasm between the two. On the one hand, there was the record of hatred, bigotry, and employment of fear to gain votes and public office; on the other, a passionate devotion to human decency. Carter is an honest and sincere, if occasionally overzealous, advocate of gradualism in extending economic and political rights to Negroes.

Those circumstances, no doubt, gave Hodding Carter no alternative but to write "Flood Crest." Indignation at first smoldered, then burst into white heat and flame, and out of that heat came "Flood Crest." If he had allowed it to cool, he either might not have written it at all, or he might have written a much better book.

The story is that of a Deep South politician, Bilbo thinly disguised under the name of Cleve Pikestaff, a witch-hunting, lecherous, and unprincipled Senator. The other principal character, who for purposes of the novel is purely fictitious, is Sudie, the Senator's luscious and unscrupulously ambitious daughter; an Army engineer who belonged to a socially acceptable Delta family now "too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash," as the saying goes in the Deep South; a trigger-happy convict trusty considerably oversexed, and an assortment of characters, male and female, possessing much in common with some of Erskine Caldwell's po' white folks. There also is an innocent and naïve university professor on sabbatical leave gathering material for a book about the South, and his daughter, a conventionally wholesome and beautiful person.

The formula is conventional with Pikestaff and his misguided adherents making a Communist agitator out of the professor; the Army engineer becomes a hero slugging it out for human justice; but somehow Priapus contrives to claim major attention in almost every situation.

Sex, lusty and definitely unsubtle, seems to crowd the author's message into the background. It is not too difficult to believe that Cleve Pikestaff would have seduced the girl who branded the professor as a Red agitator, for she was young and ready, but that Sudie Pikestaff should have yielded to a sodden convict trusty, Corey Byrum, to spite the Army officer she wanted to marry for social elevation and to further her father's political ambitions, is a bit on the thick side. Even for a girl like Sudie,

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daughter of a man like Cleve Pikestaff.

Carter's strength in "Flood Crest" lies in his power as a reporter, his ability to depict a scene. He made his story move swiftly, but he seems to have pressed too far his advantage for melodramatic effect. If he had just let the idea cool down for a year or so . . .

A great social document has to have something more than the passionate denunciation of an evil. "Flood Crest" unfortunately does not have that something, and as a consequence it is disappointing. Hodding Carter is capable of better writing . . . as in "The Lower Mississippi" ("Rivers of America Series," Farrar & Rinehart).

With this, he has not added much to his literature stature. As a matter of fact, he has not done full justice to his own ability as a writer, nor to his power as a crusader for human justice in society and sanity in politics. Carter brushed the stars in his prologue, and then descended.

The Crusaders

ANGELS IN THE DUST. By Zofia Kossak. Translated from the Polish by Rulka Langer and Lola Gay-Tifft. New York: Roy Publishers. 1947. 467 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by GERALDINE DE COURCY

THE THIRD volume of Zofia Kossak's epic of the crusades, now appearing in English translation, is the first of the Polish series in which it bears the title "The Crusaders." As those familiar with the preceding volumes will see, the connecting link is merely one of atmosphere and theme—a vast panorama of an historical period in which men's deeds wore the fiery raiment of faith, when heaven and hell were concrete terms inspiring fear and the secret certitude of finer, nobler things.

Mme. Kossak has tried to evoke an epoch, not paint a drama. There is, therefore, no closely knitted plot to guide us through the maze of history, folklore, and legend which is her present background for a motley crowd of figures (122 strong, if one may trust impressions and the glossary); all bloodless puppets in a pantomime, pyramidal design without the cunning of perspective. The colors have the familiar lure; golden knights of chivalry, purple princes of the Church, crimson lovers of la vie romancée, dun serfs and plebs; medieval pageantry without passion, mirages of fantastic shores that vanish into prosaic inventories. Her research and erudition are redoubtable, but she fails to reveal to us the secrets of her enthusiasm. We sense no quick spirit of adventure in these bald catalogues of men and events, no tang of curiosity in their rather tranquil ecstasies.

In spite of such negative virtues, the publishers deserve praise for making Mme. Kossak's works available to American readers. Without such movements of extended curiosity and without acquaintance with the various concepts that make our civilization, intellectual chauvinism can easily acquire the taint of the provincial. Mme. Kossak is not only one of the leaders of the Catholic literary renaissance in Poland but she is also the recognized representative of that country's school of historical fiction. The Centennial approach to this is of course more static than the Anglo-Saxon. It is built on cold, incontrovertible data, and as one moves farther eastward, the style becomes increasingly austere, sensual violence loses its melodrama, the melodic polysyllables of the vernacular are the only literary histrionics conceded to mood and spiritual message. If in English dress this epic does not exert its original appeal, it is because in Western eyes, human fate as symbol or as story requires bold backgrounds and unhurried artistry to lend it the poignant simplicity that differentiates the portrait from the panorama.

The translators have tried to reflect this atmosphere of timelessness but by combining archaisms with words of the most pedestrian modernity they have only succeeded in proving once again that artists, like the gods of Greece, have their own peculiar passwords. If they have not persuaded us that they have seen more than the obvious, Mme. Kossak will also find it hard to show that she has penetrated to the core of "man's essential nobility" or endowed her "pattern of historical truth" with that quality of eloquence that makes emulation assume the attraction of an irresistible experience.

Poem for Catherine

By Alex Austin

WE MUST make memories while we are young,
For to be old alone in some dark room
Is like a bird whose song was never sung
To serenade the goddesses of doom.

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Religion.

Giovanni Papini, a man of two lives separated neatly by his return to Catholicism in 1920 and the appearance of his "Life of Christ," was always of a brilliant, mercurial temperament, like that other great figure of modern Italy, d'Annunzio. In his first life Papini was a latinized Mencken, strongly prejudiced, given to violent invective, an anarchist, a supreme egoist, and an atheist who delighted in pricking the bubbles of mysticism and obscurity. Reversing his stand after his conversion, he became an outspoken if unorthodox champion of the Church and a supporter of fascism; but he did not lose his tendency to project his own personality into his biographies, like those of Dante and of St. Augustine. The writings of the latter, incidentally, may be found in the ambitious series, reviewed below, called "The Fathers of the Church."

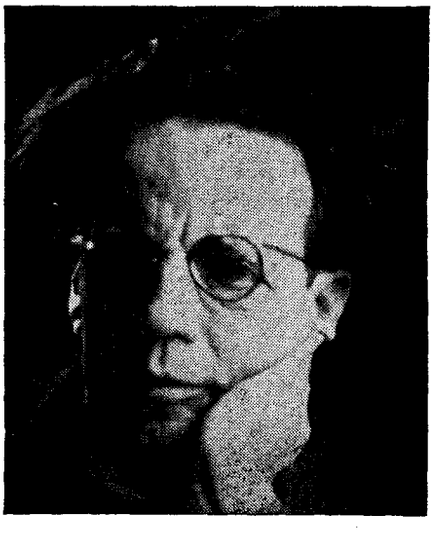
Under the Aegis of Rome

THE LETTERS OF POPE CELESTINE VI TO ALL MANKIND. By Giovanni Papini. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 223 pp. $3.

Reviewed by CARLO BEUF

WHEN, in 1921, Giovanni Papini burst upon the world with his "Life of Christ" there were many who refused to take seriously his conversion to Catholicism. Papini is a restless soul, they said, with a passion for tilting; today he is breaking a lance in defense of orthodoxy, yesterday it was agnosticism, tomorrow it will be something else. His very exuberance seemed suspect. The Church herself, though happy to welcome such a valuable sheep into the fold, treated him with a certain reserve. And yet, as this latest of his books shows, Papini still remains on the side of the angels.

With these seventeen letters, which he signs with the name of an imaginary pope, Papini bids a world "in the grip of suicidal fury" to mend its ways and unite in the spirit of the gospels under the aegis of Rome. That he calls his pontifical mouthpiece Celestine and not, for instance, Gregory or Sixtus, may be taken as a sign of the sobering effect time has had upon this once uncompromising author. As we all know, the last of the Celestines was a pious monk who was dragged from his refuge in the rugged forests of Abruzzi, and made, *malgré lui*, to don the tiara, and who, after five months of pathetically thwarted attempts at reform, abdicated, thus winning for himself a place in Dante's hell as well as a seat among the saints, granted him by a repentant Church. It must be added, however, that for all his love of peace and humanity Papini's Celestine emerges from this book a shrewder, subtler, and sterner leader than his remote namesake.



Giovanni Papini's "twentieth-century intellectualism is plainly discernible."

Far too many "so-called Catholics," Celestine complains, still venerate the trinity of "Moloch, Mammon, and Priapus." Priests and monks may no longer be corrupt, but their faith is shallow. And what is our theology, he asks, once "the empress of sciences," if not "foods, cooked and recooked in the same pots, with the same sauces?" The Church needs saints (Luther's famous dictum to the contrary) ". . . and not scholars who have the smell of oil rather than the odor of the sun." The rich come in for their share of caustic Papinian scorn, and the poor are exhorted (perhaps a bit lamely) to accept their indigence with good grace. All forms of government, we are told, are equally unsound; rulers are oftener than not "dressed-up manikins in the hands of the clique that supports them as the ropes of the gallows support the hanged man," while the gullibility of the people is practically limitless. Celestine VI has no use for the modern, meddling, masculinized woman; he blames the poets

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for their futile narcissism, the historians for their short-sightedness, and the scientists for their misuse of science. The remaining four letters, but one, are addressed to the "Christians of the separated churches," the Hebrews, the heathen, and "those without God," each of whom are urged to renounced their heresies and false assumptions and join the ranks of the one, true Church. The last message contains a warning to all and sundry that "peace can only be obtained in the spirit and then, as a natural consequence, on earth." But since spiritual peace is impossible without the Christian religion, "Humanity cannot be saved unless it becomes 'catholic,' in other words universal, in one truth and one God." The book closes with a "Prayer to God" in a style somewhat reminiscent of Péguy's.

Papini's twentieth-century intellectualism is plainly discernible under the homiletical formalism of these epistles; but even so there seems to be no reason to question the sincerity of his appeal. The old bombast and self-conscious savagery give way here to an earnestness which is in places authentically moving. For well-nigh two millenniums saints and men-of-good-will have harped on the need of returning to the dictates of Christ. But then, truths—like the themes of drama—are limited in number, though infinite in the possible variety of their expression. That many may not be inclined to follow the author on the path—the Catholic path—he indicates, goes without saying; yet few are apt to quarrel with his essential idea.

Carlo Beuf, Italian-born art critic and authority on Renaissance literature, wrote "Cesare Borgia."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 241

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 241 will be found in the next issue.

QLKSBD AJLD ORIC SC YBDC,

IKA CIXLKC AJLD ORIC SC

ZIK.—JOLK YLELASCR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 240

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar.
THOMAS MACAULAY.

Birth Pangs of Faith

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH: THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS. Translated by Francis X. Glimm, Joseph M.-F. Marique, S.J., Gerald Walsh, S.J. New York: Cima Publishing Co. 1947. xii + 401 pp. $4.

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH: WRITINGS OF ST. AUGUSTINE, Volume 4. Translated by John J. Gavigan, O.S.A., John Courtney Murray, S.J., Robert P. Russel, O.S.A., Bernard M. Peebles. New York: Cima Publishing Co. 1947. 494 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE GROUP of some eighty Catholic scholars who have embarked on publishing, in new translations, approximately three hundred patristic works in seventy-two volumes will make easily accessible again to American readers a set of books whose theological and historical significance has, save for the Scriptures themselves hardly a par. More than five centuries of Christian thought and struggle are comprised in these writings. Their impact on medieval life,

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and with that on the history of the Western world, has been enormous—not least through the Tridentine decree prohibiting any Scriptural interpretations *contra unanimam consensus patrum*. Of the two present volumes—the completion of the whole library is planned within a period of less than six years—the first ("The Apostolic Fathers") will prove of greater interest to the historian and the layman. The Augustine tome, I submit, will be of paramount value primarily to the theologian. With that beginning the editors thus appeal to the two, or rather three, groups of readers their enterprise aims at. As to the supra-denominational importance of their undertaking there can be no doubt.

"The Apostolic Fathers," then, contains some of the epistolary works of the earliest pre-Nicene writers. Here is the echo of the very birth pangs of the new faith, as it detaches itself from the matrix of Judaism, defends itself against and attacks the paganism of the Greaco-Roman world, and girds to shoulder that world's heritage.

Take the famous "Letter to Diognetus," a heathen whom the anonymous writer exhorts to embrace Christianity. Rendered into beautiful English by Father Walsh, that "epistle" reveals a mastery of style which still commands the greatest admiration. In his introduction, the translator accepts the theory that this piece stems from two different authors. In fact, the second part—as poised and yet as stirring a presentation of the Christians' faith as can be found ("I have no strange doctrines to preach . . .")—widely differs from the tone of the first chapters in which the writer states his position toward the Jewish rites as though the first chapter of Isaiah ("Hear the words of the Lord . . . I am full of the burnt offerings of rams. . . . Your new moons and appointed feasts my soul hateth . . . ") had not been known to him.

"The Letter of Barnabas," probably the work of a converted rabbi, goes several steps farther in that direction. It attempts to prove that the Jews misunderstood the Old Testament from the beginning, and indeed foreshadows the heretic Marcion who rejected the Old Testament altogether. The separation of the Christian church from the synagogue was not always a soft process. Perhaps the fervor of that struggle may be accounted for by the still extant proximity of church and synagogue in the first century A.D.

In regard to the Church itself, "The Letters of St. Antioch" probably are of the greatest significance.

Even when allowance is made for the normal development of doctrine and discipline during the last eighteen hundred years [Father Walsh says] St. Ignatius's firm handling of the mysteries of the Trinity, Incarnation, Redemption, and Eucharist, his insistence on the hierarchy of the bishops, priests, and deacons and the primacy of the see of Rome, his clear conception of the Church as Catholic in the sense of one and universal . . . set up a standard by which all who are eager to adhere to the tradition of Apostolic Christianity may measure the degree of their conformity with this early witness.

Only cursory mention can here be made of the poignant report of "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp," and of "The Fragments of Papias," one of the few sources on the authors of St. John, St. Mark, and St. Matthew.

This is a fascinating book. Many a reader picking it up casually may soon find himself totally engrossed with its contents.

"Holy Logic"

MIRACLES. By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 220 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

AT THE ingenuity of this book I stand aghast. But I am not touched by its covert appeal to piety, nor moved to credence by its overt argument. It is modernistic apologetics for Christian fundamentalism. The author elects to try to predispose our skeptical age toward orthodoxy the hard way, *i.e.*, through the acceptance of the miraculous *on principle*. His strategy is, nevertheless, to show that miracles are not "impossible, improbable, or improper."

Let us admit, with Mr. Lewis, that "the mind-set" of modern men is against miracles (here frankly defined as "interference with nature by supernatural power"). Nor let us object to his view that no amount of historical evidence suffices to convince of miracles (or of anything else) a mind that is closed, clam-like, to all positive evidence. He blithely seeks to sweeten ancient dogma down, without at all adequately explaining why in the first place modern men have closed their minds to evidence in behalf of the occult.

The sweetening is done with such

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"THE MAD SCIENTIST"

The "mad scientist" so frequently encountered in pulp fiction has also appeared in more respectable literature. Ten such instances are briefly sketched below. Do you remember the stories and their authors? Allowing five points for each identification, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31.

1. An aging professor tries to rejuvenate himself with injections of monkey-gland serum but succeeds only in making a monkey of himself.
2. An inventor devises an automaton chess player which, on losing a game, rises up in anger and strangles him.
3. A scientist manufactures "robots" so efficiently designed that they eventually replace humanity.
4. An expert surgeon transposes the brain of a fatally injured man into the body of a huge gorilla whose skull had been crushed in the same explosion.
5. Head of a Maine medical school, a doctor busies himself in producing monsters by experimenting on his helpless female patients.
6. A medical student makes a microscope lens out of a 140-karat diamond, through which he sees some astounding sights.
7. A doctor develops a method of reducing plant and animal life to miniatures with the solidity of a diamond and uses the method to conceal a murder.
8. A medical student assembles parts of various cadavers into an oversized man, animates the finished product with a spark of lightning, and immediately regrets what he has done.
9. A vivisectionist on an isolated island experiments on changing animals into humans.
10. A chemistry student finds a way to make himself transparent but finds that this condition is not quite so desirable as he had expected.

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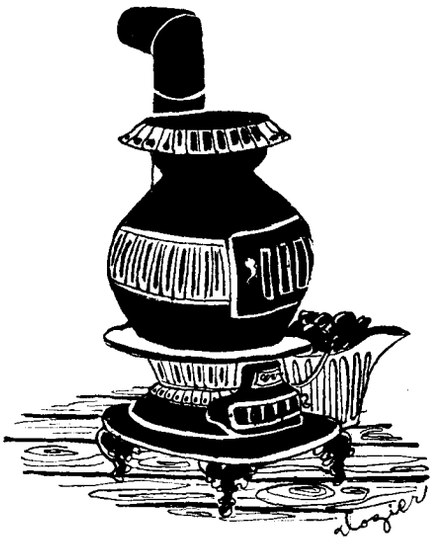

psychological skill and with such literary felicity as to show that "the children of light" can be as wise in a sophisticated generation as the "children of this world." When all is said and done, however, the effort intended to predispose us once again toward the miraculous, moves along this old familiar groove of loose-jointed logic: neither the nature of the universe nor of God makes miracles impossible, indeed not. Not impossible, miracles are in fact probable, yes they are. What is not impossible and is indeed probable is very likely true. So miracles are as good as proved—if that is the kind of mind you have. The author sweetly passes thus to a reaffirmation of Christianity, which he regards as the religion of miracle par excellence. To be both kind and safe, let us call this "holy logic," and leave it in its looseness.

Stronger in attacking naturalism than in defending supernaturalism, the author sees that mechanism cannot explain the human mind save as a succession of retail miracles. So he takes the miraculous at a gulp which, having swallowed, no subsequent sips will leave the taste bitter. Retail miracles that serve a function (*i.e.*, "emergents") are, however, much to be preferred to miracles wholesale, whose larger effect is to deaden the mind to criteria of circumspection.

As I read these clever pages, there came back to my mind with hygienic effect those strong words of W. K. Clifford: "It is wrong always, everywhere, and for everyone, to believe anything upon insufficient evidence." The question is of course what is "insufficient," what sufficient? Attitude counts for more than argument. Our author does not see, I think, the powerful hazards which set constructive-minded men long ago on guard against the sloth of credence. Belief is easy, fatally easy in "this believing world." Doubt comes hard, and yet doubt alone can prove any adequate foundation for a faith that is both safe and sound. Who slips here, slips lethally; slips and is caught in the undertow of credulousness that knows no dependable bounds. As Paul Lawrence Dunbar says, of another slip into another sea:

> For once in the river of ruin,
> What boots it, to do or to dare,
> For down we must go
> In the turbulent flow,
> To the desolate sea of Despair.

It is nigh neighbor to the despair of common caution to come, as the author does, to such credulity as this: "When the event you prayed for occurs your prayer has always contributed to it. When the opposite event occurs your prayer has never been ignored." And considering the author's approach through the lead of possibility-probability, what is the self-possessed mind to make of this? "It is easier to argue, on historical grounds, that the Incarnation actually occurred than to argue, on philosophical grounds, the probability of its occurrence."

As I thought all this over, I found myself wanting to add to the "finis" of this book a sad judgment which Justice Holmes passed on to his friend William James: "Wishes led him," said Holmes, "to turn down the light so as to give miracle a chance."

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—*Richard Watts, Jr., The New Republic*

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AMERICAN RADIO

(*Continued from page 8*)

and regulations governing broadcasting which prescribed that advertising should be *the* method of financing radio. Several members of the Federal Communications Commission, which supervises the regulation of broadcasting, have looked with interest and sympathy on subscription radio and have indicated their desire to see such a service inaugurated.

One critic of subscription radio claimed that it "introduces a poll tax into radio." Mr. Benton replied emphatically "No poll tax is involved. Those who do not wish to pay five cents a day will have their full share of advertising sponsored programs." Broadcasters further labelled it "pig squeal" radio because a listener would hear a squealing sound when he tuned in the station—unless, of course, he rented the patented device which would remove it. Other broadcasters condemned it as being "narrowcasting" instead of "broadcasting," because the audience would be narrowed down to those who would pay a nickel a day for the service.

AS THE broadcasters' criticisms of subscription radio continued, Representative Sol Bloom asked them to "abandon their sanctimonious pretense and admit they were justifiably afraid that subscription radio will become so popular that it will kill present-day radio." *Time* summed up the situation by saying that "if subscription radio provided programs the public liked better, commercial radio would have to compete or lose its audience."

The most absurd objection raised against subscription radio was that some ingenious, mechanically-minded listeners might be able to counterfeit the devices which would be used to clear the whistling interference. By so doing, these listeners might be able to hear programs broadcast over subscription channels without paying for the service. People can also put counterfeit slugs in telephone pay stations and subway turnstiles. They can even manufacture their own dollar bills. But those who make a practice of this sort of thing generally end up in jail. Others claim that listeners who subscribe to this service could lend their device to another. So they could. You can lend your newspaper to a neighbor, but most people find it more convenient to buy their own.

There is little doubt that the American people have been ready and willing to give subscription radio a chance. In September 1945, Mr. Benton and his associates were ready to apply to the Federal Communications Commission for formal permission to operate a subscription station in New York City. (They had obtained four years earlier an experimental license

to try out the service.) Just at that time, however, Mr. Benton entered Government service as Assistant Secretary of State. Plans were temporarily shelved. But in December 1947, following his resignation from the Government, Mr. Benton again reiterated to the writer his belief in the soundness of the subscription radio idea and announced that he was considering introducing the service into the New York area in the near future.

In the meanwhile, others have come to see the practical possibilities and the need for subscription service. The Pioneer Network is now being organized and will link together a nucleus of ten regular broadcasting stations with their facilities converted so as to provide subscription service in key areas throughout the country. The Muzak Corporation, which holds many of the patents on the technical procedure for "scrambling" and "unscrambling" the broadcasting signal, has offered to lease these patents to those planning to introduce subscription service.

The development of audience-supported stations will in time place radio on a more secure and profitable financial basis than it is at present, for the public in the long run has more money to spend than the advertisers. The days of the war when it was virtually impossible for radio stations to lose money are gone. There are now more stations on the air than can possibly be supported by advertising revenue alone. In the last two years, the number of commercial, standard broadcasting stations has increased from 900 to more than 1800. That means there are now as many radio stations as daily newspapers!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEALING OUT DEATH *W. T. Ballard* (McKay: $2)	Trouble-shooting v.p. of movie-company saves rep of beauteous star midst murders and gunplay in and around Nevada gambling hells.	Warfare between rival gambling interests sprays yarn with lead. Convincing atmosphere, rapid action, numerous corpses, and rather lame solution.	Rooty-toot-toot!
MURDER GOES TO SCHOOL *Helen Farrar* (Ziff-Davis: $1.98)	Faculty and students of Cal. high school panicked by murders of teacher and janitor, which local sheriff and pretty pedagog elucidate.	Trials and tribulations of young schoolmarms understandingly portrayed, also those of pupils. Detecting is competent, and romantic side pleasantly handled.	Average
PIG IN A POKE *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	"Long-pig" substituted for real thing in auto trunk turns Peter Clancy's California vacation into hunt for slayer who strikes again.	Black market in pork, amoralities of artists, and rich Monterey peninsula scenery carefully blended into typical Clancy case—with shadowy culprit.	For Clancy fans
ROOT OF EVIL *Eaton K. Goldthwaite* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Boston lab. explosion shreds scientist and links wife to various enigmatical personalities, one of whom cracks case with war-criminal angle.	Reader may be pretty sure all along exactly how it will turn out, which makes expected denouement quite satisfactory.	So-so

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While the number of stations has rapidly increased (and is still increasing) the amount of money that advertisers can spend on radio has not increased proportionately. As the most recent economic survey made by the Federal Communications Commission points out, the radio advertising pie is being divided into smaller and smaller slices. Less than half of the new stations last year were financially breaking even, and in the face of competition more and more of the older stations are also running in the red. As the number of new stations in an area increases, the number of listeners to the existing stations inevitably decreases, thus lessening their value to the advertiser. Radio's salable commodity, time, has more than doubled in availability and this will naturally tend to lower the rates stations can charge their clients for time on the air.

SUBSCRIPTION stations, on the other hand, will increase their financial revenues in proportion as they please the public. For instance, they will not lose money every time they perform a public service to the community as is the case with stations solely dependent on advertisers for support. During local crises such as floods, fires, blizzards, hurricanes, and similar disasters local radio stations have often performed invaluable and outstanding service in broadcasting news, reassurance, and help to the people in the stricken area. This service, however, entails the sacrifice of considerable income from canceled advertising programs. In fact, to broadcast any programs of a public service nature the stations must generally forgo advertising revenue. No wonder there are so few public service programs on the air! However, once listeners pay for radio service, the local station, like the local newspaper, will be able to give regular informational service to the community without sacrificing revenue.

Among other blessings, subscription radio will make unnecessary the endless, elaborate, and contradictory polls and surveys of the broadcasters. The extent to which a station pleases its audience will be measured simply and directly at "the box office," determined by the number of subscribers. The radio listener will thus, for the first time, have an effective voice in determining the kind of programs to be broadcast. Today his only defense against inferior programs is to turn his radio off, or, as one magazine writer recently suggested, "to throw his set out of the window and thereafter pretend the whole enterprise does not exist." Subscription radio will enable him to do something more positive. Those stations producing the best programs will naturally attract the largest number of subscribers. Subscription stations will compete, as do newspapers and magazines, for subscribers, and listeners will subscribe to that station which most generally serves their needs and interests.

The elimination of advertising announcements will not be the only program improvement noticeable on subscription stations. A greater variety of programs appealing to different segments of the public will be available for the first time.

Today the American people have only to tune in their radios to realize the truth of the old saying, "Whose bread I eat, his song I sing." By paying for radio themselves they can get the kind of radio service they want —and only by so doing will they ever get it. The movies in this country were little more than a novelty until D. W. Griffith invested money in them, in the belief that the public would be willing to pay for good entertainment. The sensational success of Griffith's picture "The Birth of a Nation" proved him to be right.

Too long have we remained in a rut in our thinking about radio. It can still realize the dreams men had for it when it was young. Those who are behind the Pioneer Network of subscription stations have faith in the great possibilities of providing the American public with radio programs of a quality they will be willing and anxious to pay for.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Adventure of the Creeping Man," by Conan Doyle. 2. "Moxon's Master," by Ambrose Bierce. 3. "R.U.R." by Karel Capek. 4. "Sing Sing Nights," by Harry Stephen Keeler. 5. "The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck," by Alexander Laing. 6. "The Diamond Lens," by Fitz James O'Brien. 7. "Tcheriapin," by Sax Rohmer. 8. "Frankenstein," by Mary Shelley. 9. "The Island of Dr. Moreau," by H. G. Wells. 10. "The Invisible Man," by H. G. Wells.

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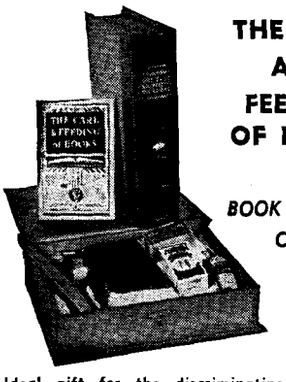

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the Phoenix Nest

CARVING FROM A CHINESE TEMPLE

(Bought in Chinatown)

THE WESTERN world receded when I paid,
Put it beneath my arm and walked away—
Bearing the sum and substance of Cathay,
Without a banner, without a cavalcade.

The twilight opened like a lotus flower,
And from it poured the scent of sandalwood,
The dragon's flame, and Yangtze yellow flood.
Within the ambit of that dusky hour,
The sound of temple bells came faintly pealing.
The coolies paced with lacquered palanquins,
And from their cushions rose old mandarins
With ivory faces calm and unrevealing.

What magic from this dusty fragment springs?
For what atonement was the incense burned
That penetrated this and heavenward yearned
In supplicating fragrance that still clings?

The bartered dragon's anaglyphic gaze
N answer and no evidence betrays.

IRENE WILDE.

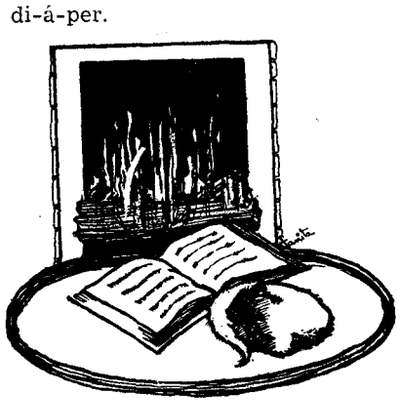
* * *

Notes on a few books: Some of the wisest and most humane writing is in Rebecca West's "The Meaning of Treason." What excellent writing it is! . . . Two books about local things that may not come your way are (1) "Willamette Landings" by Howard McKinley Corning, the notable Oregon poet. This is prose and tells of the ghost towns of one of the few American rivers of any volume flowing north. Binfords & Mort are the publishers, Graphic Arts Building, 108 N. W. Ninth Avenue, Portland 9, Ore. For lovers of valuable Americana. (2) The Georgia Historical Society presents in one volume (write them at Savannah, Ga.) the series "Savannah River Plantations," which began in the *Georgia Historical Quarterly* in 1938. Mary Granger, the distinguished writer, was editor of these monographs on the Savannah Writers' Project. Here again are settlements on an ancient river, source material for the novelist and historian. . . . Rudolph Roesler de Villiers, of Park Avenue, this city, has had privately printed several hundred copies of a book called "Robert A. R. de Villiers: Christmas Eve, 1927: October 20th, 1944," as a memorial to his son. It contains primarily the writings of a youth who died before he was seventeen. He attended the Millbrook School, N. Y., where he would have been editor-in-chief of his school paper and chairman of the library committee. He had been in the West, and wrote when not yet fourteen an excellent paper on "The Sioux Nation"; he had spent some of his boyhood in Switzerland, and his essay on it, called "Hitler's Paradox," written when almost sixteen and a half, is unusually well informed for a youngster. There are many prose fragments, verses, pictures of the boy, who was apparently gay, charming, and affectionate. He and his parents were very close. It is sad to look through such a memorial and to think of the possible loss to the future; but his parents retain a golden memory. . . . "Poems of the Covered Wagons" is published by the Pacific Publishing House, illustrated by old drawings. It is like an old scrapbook of good, bad, and indifferent verse, but the feel of the early West is in it. The publishers' address is 638 Morgan Bldg., Portland 5, Ore.

* * *

MRS. WHITE

Young Mrs. White, a fond mother and wife,
Wants to create more than all else in life.
Real masterpieces of humor and fiction
Float through her brain-cells, adorned with good diction.
Yet, as she hastens to put them on paper,
Junior, aged one, needs a change of di-a-per.



Once at the typewriter, grim visions cramp her,
Visions of laundry that's still in the hamper,
Buttons unsewed; an unvacuumed rug;
Gripping more tight than a fictional hug.
Washing the dishes is pleasure most fleeting
Yet must be done if the family's eating.
Lack of housekeeping starts spouses complaining;
All those rejection-slips need some explaining.
Still Mrs. White's a creator, with urges
Not to be downed, whatsoever the purges.
Thus, in a twelvemonth—no if and no maybe!—
Young Mrs. White will give birth to a baby.

JOSEPHINE MILLS REIS.

* * *

LINES TO BE WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A REJECTION SLIP

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
Some gain is certain to accrue—
Those precious manuscripts you maileth
Increase the postal revenue.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER.

* * *

The late Robert Neilson Stephens, an American writer of plays and of historical romances, looks, in the only picture I have seen of him, a little like Hamilton Fish Armstrong, one of our experts on foreign affairs. At the turn of the century his "A Gentleman Player" and "Captain Ravenshaw" were two novels much in demand. L. C. Page & Co. of Boston, Mass., were his publishers. When he was a boy he had lived on the Juniata River in Pennsylvania. In our time, Malcolm Cowley, the poet and critic, has called a volume of his poems "Blue Juniata" after the old song from that part of the country. Back in 1893, as well as agenting for some producers, Stephens wrote "melo's," one being "On the Bowery," in which the famous bridge-jumping Steve Brodie appeared. But three years later Stephens's play "An Enemy of the King" (laid in the days of Valois and Guise and the scandalous Henri III, as well as the valorous Henry of Navarre) had for its chief actor no less a "lead" than E. H. Sothern. Then the author turned it into the novel that began his success. An American historical novel of his, turned back into a play, later had in it William Faversham, the greatest matinée idol of his time. Stephens

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defended his type of romantic fiction against the contemporary disparagement of William Dean Howells, in the preface to "Captain Ravenshaw." I am glad to possess both that and "A Gentleman Player." I hope to find more of Stephens in my peregrinations.

It is interesting to see the historical novel again in vogue, just as it was in the late Nineties and early 1900's. Taste in America hasn't changed so much after all. We have had our generation of harsh hard naturalism, and all the smoking entrails of life spilled out before us; we have recently even had a wave of outspoken books about sex and alcoholism (one of the best of the latter—warranted to prevent anyone from taking a drink for at least twenty-four hours—is "The Story of Mrs. Murphy"), but Tom Costain and the rest now take us back to the days of Stanley J. Weyman ("Under the Red Robe," "The House of the Wolf," etc.), F. Marion Crawford ("In the Palace of the King," etc.), Justin Huntly McCarthy ("If I Were King," "The Gorgeous Borgia," etc.) and many others. One of the best writers of such yarns was Marjorie Bowen, who afterward split her personality into four or five pen-names, the most familiar of which is "George Preedy" —I remember a month in London when I was one of several American scouts trying desperately to find out who "George Preedy" really was!—and started as a girl with "The Viper of Milan," (I have it!) brought out by S. S. McClure. In collecting such old "tushery," I have, incidentally, acquired a rather rare series of highwayman stories by H. B. Marriott Watson, called "Galloping Dick," as well as his very good "The Rebel," featuring the rising at Taunton, prior to the Duke of Monmouth's; and a curiosity called "Valentino" by the late William Waldorf Astor (Borgia again—of never-ending fascination!). W. W. Astor was grandson to the first John Jacob. He tried unsuccessfully to get into Congress but was our minister to Italy under President Arthur. He wrote, as well as "Valentino," "Sforza: A Story of Milan," and "Pharaoh's Daughter and Others." He removed to England, having competently proved that a multimillionaire can't write novels. There he became Baron Astor of Hever Castle, and later a viscount. Lady Astor is his daughter-in-law. Then "don't you remember sweet—" Amélie Rives Troubetskoy, the Virginian novelist who first married a Chanler — she wrote plays and poetry as well as novels, and I liked best of all her books her blank verse drama, "Augustine the Man." But I am now getting a little off the beam, and will softly retire.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 723

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

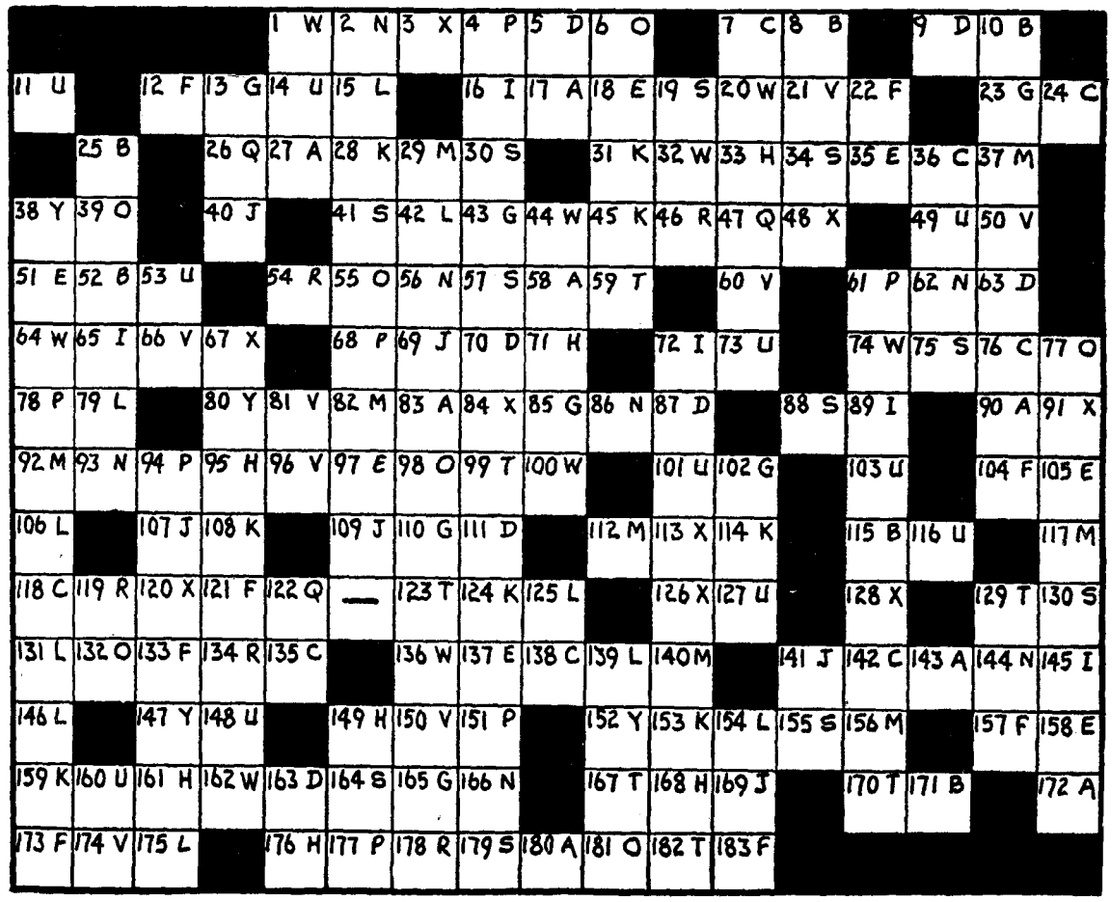
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. U. S. state name, meaning "red people" in Choctaw.	180 58 83 17 90 27 172 143
B. Right of pre-emption (Moslem Law).	8 52 171 115 10 25
C. English statesman, 1858-1923; prime minister, 1922-23 (full name).	138 24 135 7 76 142 36 118
D. Act of molting or shedding an outer cuticular layer (Zool.).	111 163 70 87 5 9 63
E. A situation in which one is hopelessly doomed.	35 105 51 97 158 137 18
F. Comedy by Aristophanes, extant (B.C. 422; 2 wds.).	121 133 22 12 173 183 157 104
G. Indicative of strength and vigor; as of the emotions (Psychol.).	102 23 110 13 165 43 85
H. Secretly; as applied to cardinals appointed by the Pope but not in consistory (It.; 2 wds.).	95 33 176 71 149 161 168
I. Goddess of fortune (Gr. Relig.).	72 89 16 65 145
J. Edible tubers, so-called by the Indians of Oregon.	169 40 141 107 109 69
K. Volcanic peak on Yellowstone River, Montana, 10,969 ft.	114 28 45 31 153 159 124 108
L. Short editorial paragraph in a periodical (Eng.).	139 15 154 146 175 42 125 131 106 79

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. *To thrash; chide roughly* (slang).	37 112 92 82 29 156 117 140
N. *Current American journalist* and short-story writer ("Farewell to Sport," 1938.).	166 62 86 2 93 144 56
O. Strong, vigorous reproof or warning (2 wds.).	39 98 181 55 77 132 6
P. Cambridge home of James Russell Lowell.	151 94 68 61 177 4 78
Q. Shire of Burns's birthplace.	47 122 26
R. Mentally high-strung or strained.	178 119 46 54 134
S. Automatic in manner or procedure.	88 34 41 179 75 30 130 155 19 164 57
T. Sea, inlet of the Pacific west of Kuril Islands.	123 129 167 99 170 59 182
U. Hypostatization.	14 53 103 116 11 160 101 127 49 73 148
V. One of the chief islands of the Marquesas (Taiohae, its capital).	50 66 174 81 150 60 21 96
W. *Marked by intolerance of delay.*	20 44 74 1 136 162 32 100 64
X. Belief of some Mexican and C. A. Indians that tutelary spirits reside in animals or birds.	120 128 113 91 126 48 84 67 3
Y. A person of boorish manners (creation of Gelett Burgess).	152 38 147 80

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last weeks Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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Saturday Review

OF RECORDINGS

for FEBRUARY, 1948

IMPRESSIONS

THE STEADY stream of Toscanini records which has freshened the fall output leaves dissatisfaction on one count only—nothing operatic, especially nothing operatically complete, is among them. The performances of "Boheme," "Traviata," and "Othello" which have, literally, had America by the ears for the last three years are nowhere represented.

Given a little foresight, RCA might have done more about this than it has. A session to do "Traviata" was in fact set up last spring, but the illness of Licia Albanese caused a series of postponements, and finally abandonment of the enterprise. Now it must remain in abeyance till Petrillo disposes, save an act of God intervening before.

There are in existence, however, mechanically usable transcriptions of the broadcasts themselves, which might be utilized, subject to the following considerations: (1) They do not have the literal perfection of studio recordings; (2) they will probably have to be sold at a premium price.

The first factor is inherent in any actual performance, perfect as it may seem as it unfolds. The concert-hall noises — rustlings, coughings, program-crackling — which seem perfectly proper in a public place are infinitely magnified on discs. In addition, these performances are taken from the broadcast line, and therefore are subject to the kind of monitoring customary in radio, but out of place in contemporary recording. I do not doubt, however, that some of this could be eliminated by skilful processing.

The second factor has to do with the union itself. Since the broadcasts were not cleared for commercial reproduction, some special agreement has to be achieved before they can be put on the market. Company sources state that the inquiries to date have brought a union estimate of charges—on the basis of the number of sessions needed to duplicate the performances—far out of line with ordinary recording experience. If this estimate must be acepted as final, the charge to the public, on a cost basis alone, would be well above current record prices. Cost plus profit would be that much more.

Since these records are exceptional and of definite historic value, there is some special reason for considering these problems, ordinarily of no concern to the record buyer. Also it is understandable that Victor should be reluctant to plunge into a large operation involving several risks not ordinarily involved in record merchandising.

RECORDINGS would value a sampling of opinion from its readers on these points. We all want these unique performances, probably not to be duplicated in our lifetime. Are they acceptable, in a documentary sense, with the blemishes they contain? Are they acceptable at a premium charge? A reply coupon will be found on page 54. Use it.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

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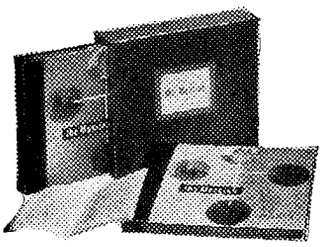
FROM IRVING KOLODIN'S "YEAR'S BEST" SELECTION

Says Irving Kolodin, Editor of Recordings, "I can endorse all these . . . for worthiness of material, quality of performance and fidelity of reproduction."



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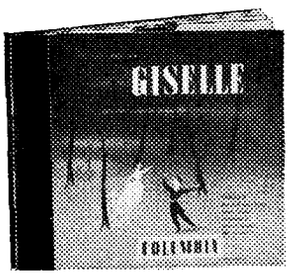

Adolphe Adam: Giselle—Ballet Music Orch. of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, cond. by Constant Lambert.
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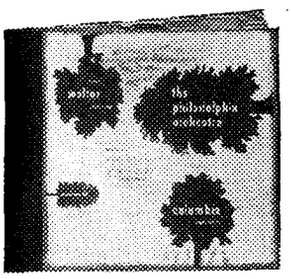
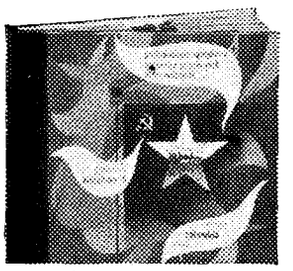
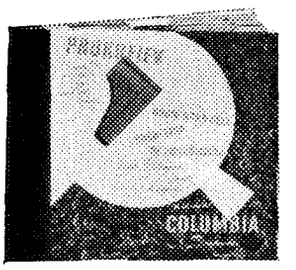


Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 In F Major, Op. 68. ("Pastorale") Bruno Walter cond. The Phila. Orch. MM-631 $7.10*



Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5, Op. 100 Artur Rodzinski cond. the Philh.-Symph. Orch. of N. Y. MM-661 $7.10*



Prokofiev: Concerto No. 3 In C Major For Piano And Orchestra, Op. 26. Robin Hood Dell Orch. of Phila., Dimitri Mitropoulos, Pianist and Cond.
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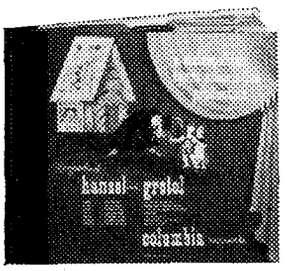

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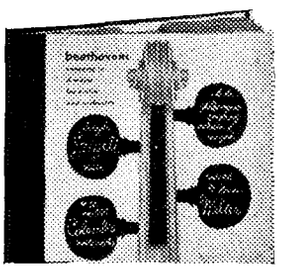
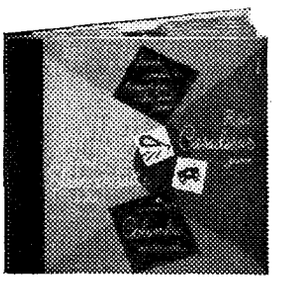
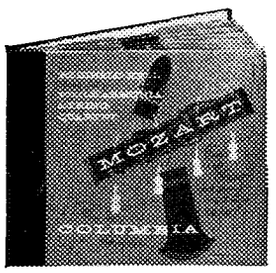


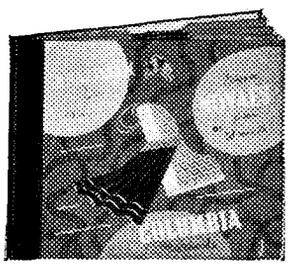
Beethoven: Concerto In D Major For Violin And Orchestra, Op. 61. Joseph Szigeti, with the Philh.-Symph. Orch. of N. Y. cond. by Bruno Walter.
MM-697 $7.10*



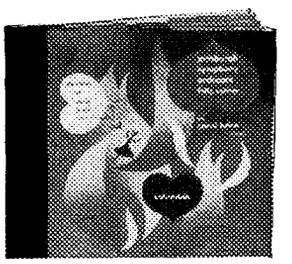
Franck: Sonata In A Major For Violin And Piano. Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus. MM-717 $5.85*



Mozart: Quintet For Clarinet And Strings In A Major. (K. 581) Reginald Kell and the Philharmonia String Quartet. MM-702 $5.85*



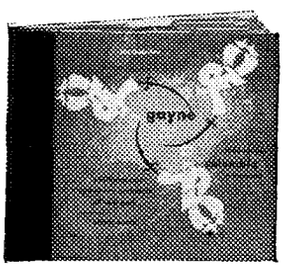
Brazilian Piano Music. Guiomar Novaes
MM-692 $3.75*



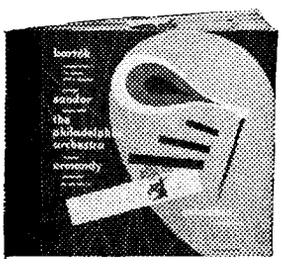
De Falla: El Amor Brujo. (Love by witchcraft) Pitts. Symph. Orch., Fritz Reiner, cond., with Carol Brice.
MM-633 $4.60*

Schubert: Symphony In C Major. ("The Great") (Old B. & H. No. 7) (Chronologically No. 9) Bruno Walter cond. the Philh.-Symph. Orch. of N. Y.
MM-679 $8.35*

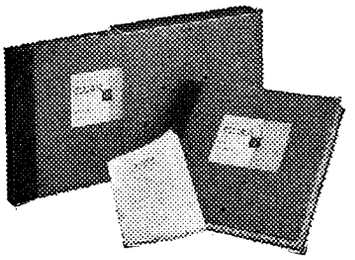
Mozart: Quartet No. 2 In E-Flat Major For Piano And Strings. (K.493) George Szell with members of the Budapest String Quartet. MM-669 $4.60*



Khachaturian: Gayne—Ballet Suite. Efrem Kurtz cond. the Philh.-Symph. Orch. of N. Y. MM-664 $4.60*



Bartók: Concerto No. 3 For Piano And Orchestra. Gyorgy Sandor with The Phila. Orch. Eugene Ormandy, cond.
MM-674 $4.60*



Mendelssohn: Elijah, Op. 70. Soloists and Sir Malcolm Sargent cond. the Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philh. Orch.
MM-715 (2 vol.) $22.70*

*Prices shown include Federal excise tax.

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The Discomaniacs

ROBERT LAWRENCE

BEHOLD the discomaniac. There is as much of a gulf between the average record collector and himself as exists between the staid cigarette smoker and those spirits who puff joyously on reefers. He does not love phonograph records for the music they bring nor even, perversely, for their shiny wax surfaces so much as he adores the sense of power—great or small, benign or malefic—that is derived from placing them, single-handed, on a whirling turntable.

The sales of phonograph records have spurted dramatically in recent years. Music lovers who live far away from large towns and find it hard to attend major concerts or operas, prefer to take their music from discs. Students and concert-goers who do live in big cities but gag on the same diet offered in season and out by the endowed orchestras, find—in the diversified lists now offered by the recording companies—a world of music that can't be heard anywhere else. Devotees of voice collect records of great singers of the past, to study their methods and chart the progress or decline of song in our time.

If record collecting were confined to these enterprising people, it would be one of the healthiest hobbies extant. But the field has its madmen, growing in number and organization. Most of them are mild, some fiercely assertive; and the latter, who often act as commentators on record-playing radio stations and tell the public what to like, have been making the music world feel their weight.

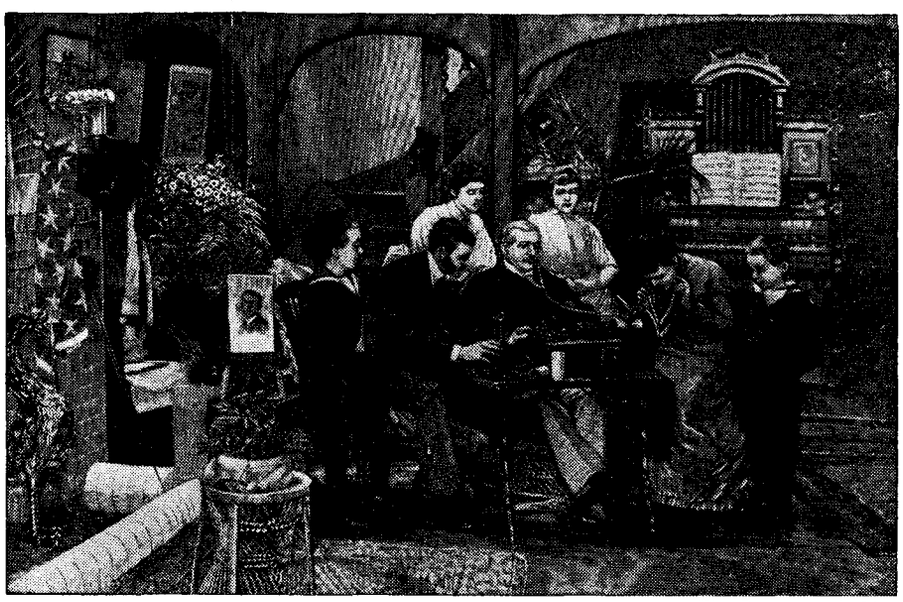
Some of the milder discomaniacs exert a pleasant fascination. During the war, while stationed in Naples, I met the Principessa N———, a lady well in her seventies, who occupied an imposing palace on the Riviera da Chiaia—Naples' combination of Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive, with its fine old houses, nicely-laid-out park, and attractive walks along the sea. Her downstairs rooms, which she generally kept closed off, evoked not Naples but the Paris of Napoleon III. But it was upstairs, in a salon looking onto a garden, that the Principessa held court during the war.

And it was not she who occupied the place of honor—it was a gramophone which, raised in isolated splendor at one end of the salon, seemed to proclaim, "There is only one recorded music and the Principessa is its prophetess." Allied officers and enlisted men thronged the room daily in company with local intellectuals and old-style diplomats.

This noble lady, beautiful even in old age, dressed always in black with a band of dark lace about the neck, had retired to her palace in Naples never to ride out again. When she spoke to us of her city's great opera house, the San Carlo, it was not in terms of the present or even fairly recent past, but of the legendary era of 1910. For her, the only aspect of today even to be acknowledged was the phonograph on its throne, with the gleaming red bulb in its belly.

There was a regular court etiquette that governed the playing of discs. Whenever a guest took his leave, the Principessa would invite him to choose a program for the next visit. On his return she offered him a formal white card, bearing her crest, with the program inscribed. The records were laid out on a table, and the concert began—but with variations. If her guest had, for example, selected one version of the "Vissi d'Arte," the Principessa would most likely add five or six others for the sake of vocal contrast. With multiplications all along the line, the program might run on for three or four hours.

ONE DAY the Principessa asked me to bring two of Naples's leading singers to her house: the soprano Pina Esca and the tenor Augusto Ferrauto, reigning favorites with the Allied troops at the San Carlo. She had heard much about both of them and wanted to meet them. Also at the



—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Receiving a message from America by Edison's phonograph in 1888 . . . today "a building up of a phantom musical empire in which every collector is his own judge, jury and impresario."

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palace that afternoon were two American officers, ardent opera-goers. As soon as the singers arrived, the Principessa sat them down and made them listen to phonograph records. The American contingent wanted to hear them sing. The Principessa resisted. We pleaded. Finally, shaking her head with disdain at the thought of live music, she marched down the staircase, opened up her sumptuous ground floor, and sat scowlingly by the piano as Pina Esca sang. And yet, the Principessa was a good, kindly, thoroughly considerate person. What had caused this aberration? The answer is simple — she was a discomaniac.

Our own madmen in America operate on less grand a scale, but with more passion. One New York night, some time ago, I attended a session of record collectors. They had gotten hold of certain private and historic discs made by an employee of the Metropolitan Opera House in the days of Melba, Nordica, and the de Reszkes. A small recording device secreted on the theatre's catwalk had caught the golden voices of that epoch. And now, at this gathering of collectors, the tones of Jean de Reszke were to materialize for the first time in our generation.

They put the record on the machine —trrrr, trrrr, poomety-poom; trrrr, trrrr, poomety-poom; trrrr, trrrr, poomety-poom—. The disc rattled on. Evidently this was the noise of the original recording device in its nest on the catwalk and, close to the ear, it suggested the approach of a train in a tunnel. However, all eyes around me were glazed, all breaths sucked in and silent. Finally, a remote, sustained sound was heard. As from the other side of a mountain, some isolated tones of the singer could be distinguished.

"De Reszke!" cried one of the collectors, in ecstasy. "Yes! It is!" gasped the others. Their hysteria grew until the room gave off a working blend of séance and orgy. When the record had trrrrd and bumped to its sputtering end, after revealing a few more detached phrases by de Reszke, some of the listeners heaved a deep sigh, drew in their limbs, and relaxed. Here, they seemed to suggest, was the ultimate substitute for sex: a rare phonograph record.

BUT EVEN enthusiasm carried to such lengths is not harmful. Full enjoyment is the prerogative of those who listen; and exaggerated admiration in one field may give rise to something of real value in another. That same evening, I heard Metropolitan catwalk recordings of Lillian Nordica —infinitely clearer than those of de-Reszke—and was thrilled by their security and power. Rare record collectors, when they keep their sense of proportion, can conjure up for their visitors a whole world of technical excellence in song—via the disc of great singers who have vanished—that is exciting to know. But when, like the Principessa, they banish the present irremediably from their thought and dwell only in the past, they become—discomaniacs.

And still, they are benign. Until not too long ago, most of even the more frenzied cases suggested nothing more sinister than an old lady wearing her medals. But of late a noisy and arrogant lunatic fringe has risen in the field of foreign recordings. Their mission is to discredit, either

by full-scale stricture or by innuendo, singers and conductors doing business in America. Instead, these discomaniacs ask us to concentrate on—and buy—records by little-known Swedish, English, French, Italian artists. Every so often a really worthwhile discovery turns up among rafts of imported records; but the general feeling of these new super-salesmen seems to be that once a singer has made any recording whatever in Pozzuoli, Addis Ababa, or Split he has been immortalized on wax, worthy of comparison with the greatest, and ready for importation to New York, Chicago, and San Francisco.

This movement is adroitly tied up with large record shops, local radio stations that specialize in recorded music, and concert managements angling for the importation and buildup of foreign artists. Repeated playings of records by these artists over the radio, with adulatory comment by the station, is a good business weapon. Commentators who sometimes cannot read a note of music and base their assertions only on discomaniac ear-training, will blandly tell the public that the Parisian basso Pierre Pizzaro, whose voice you have just heard on records, is superior to Ezio Pinza, Alexander Kipnis, perhaps even Chaliapin; and as they go on to disc-jockey a number by the Milanese soprano Semiramide Schifosa, they will remark magistrally that the opera houses of America could *use* such a voice. In many cases, this whole procedure would—roughly speaking—be equivalent to the plugging over an Italian radio station of recordings by leading artists of our own Lemonade Opera Company with the accompanying demand, "Why aren't these incomparable voices engaged for La Scala at once?"

In other words, our foreign record friends have at least one method in their madness—that of business promotion. They build careers. This is legitimate in purpose. But, artistically, they are helping promote the growth of a whole circle of snobs, of musical inverts who—if they patronize concert or opera activities at all —run home and listen to their pet Pizzaro or Schifosa simply because these artists are out of reach and, consequently, more desirable. And so we get to the root of discomania: an abhorrence of the present or of the real, the building of a phantom musical empire in which every collector is his own judge, jury, and impresario.

Many of the best music critics in the country are writing record reviews. The output of the recording companies has increased, by at least 500 per cent, the range of good music which the man or woman of taste will want to hear. But always, as a dead weight upon and a caricature of one of the most basically healthy developments in American musical life, we shall have the discomaniacs with us: "De Reszke! O God, it's too much—I can't bear it!"—"Here are ten different versions of the Mad Scene from 'Lucia di Lammermoor'! Let me play them all for you and watch you go mad yourself."—"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, I succeeded on my last trip to Turkestan in bringing back with me several complete albums by the Kurdish soprano, Pyukhi Stopaklok, one of the greatest singers of our time. Tonight you will hear her in the Immolation Scene from 'Götterdämmerung.' Just listen to her phrasing, more fluid and compelling than anything our native singers could accomplish in a lifetime! And she is only thirteen."

Mitigate their mania, Apollo, it is time.

Robert Lawrence, a regular contributor to RECORDINGS, *is often heard as intermission commentator on the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.*

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Turkeys in the Straw

ROGER BUTTERFIELD

THE RECORDING companies have just turned loose another big batch of folk songs, 116 of them, to be exact. I call them folk songs, but maybe you wouldn't agree. They don't have a single Indian drum or woodchopping chant among them, and it is doubtful if any of them will ever make the Library of Congress. They are not old, except that their subject matter is eternal — broken hearts and wasted tears, lonesome cowboys, and train whistles in the night—lots of train whistles in the night. Tom Wolfe would have loved them.

These records are the kind known in the trade as "Western," hillbilly," and "Western hillbilly." The latter is not redundant, but is a separate, distinct classification. Most of them, I take it, were designed for the jukebox jockeys in the great musical heart-land of America, which begins somewhere in the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia, and extends West and South all the way to Hollywood. I certainly would not recommend many of them for individual purchase: the great majority are turkeys, and all of them are corny to a greater or less degree. But when it is done right, this kind of corn is mighty appealing. A few of these 116 records are really good.

Take "The Miner's Song," by Bradley Kincaid. This is a minor masterpiece (Majestic 6018). I had never heard a Kincaid record before, but I would guess that he has the brightest, clearest, and most appealing hillbilly tenor since Vernon Dalhart was in his heyday, in the mid-1920's. His account of a miner's hard life is both realistic and cheerful, sung to a rollicking melody which seems to drop right down through the earth when he sings—

I go down, down, down,
Never knowing day from night,
With pick and shovel always in my hand—
And its dig, dig, dig,
Just to give a little light
To the folks who live up on the land . . .*

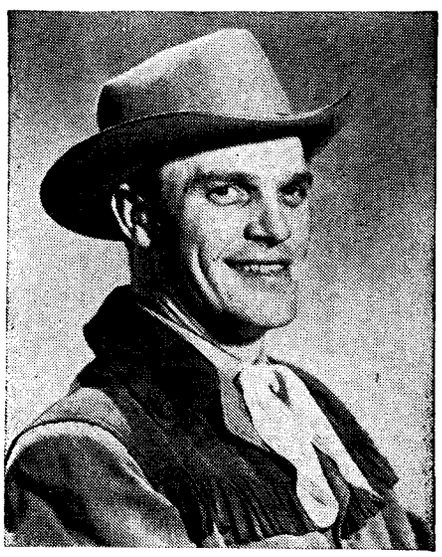
Kincaid, like most good folk singers, composes or adapts many of his own songs. On the other side of "The Miner's Song" he has a fast little hymn called "Red Light Ahead" which ties up the traffic problem with heaven—

You may be called too soon to face your Maker
If you do not heed that red light up ahead . . .**

On another record (Majestic 6020) Kincaid sings "The Fatal Derby Day," a tragic ballad of his own about a jockey who was killed in the Kentucky derby while his mother watched from the stands. This is very well done, and so is his "Humming Bird Special" on the other side.

Another good record is Charlie Monroe's "Down in the Willow Garden" and "Bringin' in the Georgia Mail" (RCA Victor 20-2416). It has some blood-chilling lines about a girl whose sweetheart took her under a willow tree, fed her poisoned burgundy wine, and threw her into the river, all told in the casual, offhand manner of an old English ballad. The "Georgia Mail" is a railroad song with lots of fast fiddling.

Syncopated hymns are a typically American product, and there are a couple of good examples here. Fred Kirby's Carolina Boys sing and swing "Find My Precious Home" and "Precious Jesus, I'll Be There" (Decca 46083) with enough bounce to satisfy a gymnasium full of high-school jitterbugs. They use a fast, tinny banjo accompaniment which is good but not as good as the Sears Roebuck autoharp known all over the Southeastern United States as the trademark of Virginia's incomparable Carter Family. I don't suppose anyone can match the Carters at this kind of sacred jazz, and I don't understand why Decca doesn't make it easier to buy their records. There were none in this review collection.



"Eddy Arnold's easy-going drawl goes beautifully with a tear-jerker . . ."

—*R. E. Kizer.*

Bill Boyd — his saddle, his lariat, his six-shooter, and his guitar (at least one of which he knows how to use).

There were twenty-three different cowboy singers in the batch, and most of them were terrible. If you like Al Dexter—and I don't see how you could help it—Columbia has released a whole album of his songs (Columbia C151). It contains his famous old classic, "Pistol Packin' Mama," with "Rosalita" on the other side, and if you don't have that, it is worth the price of the album. But I found myself growing unhappy as I listened to the other six numbers, although some of them aren't bad as songs. The once peerless Dexter's voice seemed tired and indifferent to me—it is a pity, for he is still the greatest exponent of the "Western hillbilly" style, and a dozen or so of his records such as "Born to Lose," "Wine, Women, and Song," "Honey, Do You Think It's Wrong?," etc., are the finest ever made. But in this new group, the old Al just wasn't there.

Eddy Arnold and his Tennessee Plowboys do a better job in their new four-record album, "All-Time Hits from the Hills" (RCA Victor P195). Eddy is a Western hillbilly, with the emphasis on the hillbilly, and his easy-going drawl goes beautifully with a tear-jerker called

(*Continued on page* 56)

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The Basic Record Library

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In response to many requests, and in view of the present state of record making, a new department is initiated this month in which, at regular intervals, segments of the record library will be analyzed, with recommendations offered of the best in each category.*

The Basic Beethoven

THE PIANO CONCERTOS

No. 1 in C. Artur Schnabel and the London Symphony, conducted by Malcolm Sargent. V-Set 158. There are many virtues in the newer Dorfman-Toscanini set, but not enough.

No. 2 in B flat. Schnabel and the London Philharmonic, conducted by Sargent. V-Set 295. This recommendation holds despite the new Kappell version, which is inferior in every respect but its reproduction.

No. 3 in C minor. Iturbi and the Rochester Philharmonic, with Iturbi conducting. V-Set 801. Not yet excelled in the domestic lists.

No. 4 in G. Schnabel with Stock and the Chicago Orchestra. V-Set 930. The foreign recording with Schnabel is better, but not yet available at comparable price.

No. 5 in E flat. Schnabel and the Chicago Orchestra, conducted by Stock. V-Set 939. Only likely to be excelled by a new Schnabel, when and if.

THE SYMPHONIES

No. 1 in C. Toscanini and the BBC Orchestra. V-Set 507. Cumbersomely joined with the "Tragic" overture of Brahms, but nevertheless the best performance.

No. 2 in D. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. V-Set 625. Reiner's version for Columbia is a close competitor (C-Set 597) but neither the recording nor the playing is as good.

No. 3 in E flat. Walter and the Philharmonic-Symphony. C-Set 449. A reluctant choice, for the recording is muddy by present standards. However, the two superior reproductions (Koussevitzky, in V-Set 1161, or de Sabata in EDA-Set 19) are less satisfactory playings of the music.

No. 4 in B flat. Toscanini and the BBC Orchestra. V-Set 676. No cavil here, though both the Beecham (V-Set 1081) and the Szell (C-Set 705) are years newer. In neither case is the opportunity well served.

No. 5 in C minor. Toscanini and the

NBC Orchestra. V-Set 640. *The* basic album of any record library, unsurpassed and not likely to be surpassed in predictable time. Since the recording is not of an order that one would inflict on a new version of Thome's "Simple aveu," the performance must be miraculous. It is.

No. 6 in F. Bruno Walter and the Philadelphia Orchestra. C-Set 631. Balance is the virtue here—an admirable conception, beautifully played, warmly recorded. Some past editions—Weingartner's, Paray's, Toscanini's—have excelled in some single respect, but none has been so well—what was the word?—balanced.

No. 7 in A. Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. V-Set 317. Considering the remote time at which this was made, only the most urgent expressive considerations would influence a recommendation now, a dozen years (baker's variety) later. But they exist, and must be reckoned with.

No. 8 in F. Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra. V-Set 908. Another imperative vote for Toscanini, based not alone on the quality of the playing, but also on the lack of anything since to be rated as competitive. A dull, dead, dry recording of a vigorous, vibrant performance.

No. 9 in D minor. Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic. C-Set 227. This relic may be treasured for what it is, while the newer versions may be deplored for what they are not. However it is more than gossip that a new Koussevitzky version will be available this spring. Since his conception had some impressive elements, prospective purchasers may be advised to wait and hope.

THE OVERTURES

Coriolan. Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony. C-11175. Nothing irresistible about this, merely a lesser total of the evils reflected elsewhere. Toscanini's conducting is thoroughly magnetic, and a little too powerful for Beethoven to remain the center of attraction.

Egmont. Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic. C-69195. Nothing of later date has surpassed this effort, though some are louder, others more exciting. First-rate work, and thoroughly musical.

Leonore No. 1. Toscanini and the BBC Orchestra. V-15945. A brilliant analysis of the thought processes involved in Beethoven's creative progress through the several "Leonore" overtures, well understood by the players. Reasonably good recording.

Leonore No. 2. Edouard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. EDA Album 4. Not so subtle as the previous standard conception of Weingartner, but something exceptional for the vigor of the playing, the fidelity of its reproduction. Roundly considered, the preferable way of hearing the music.

Leonore No. 3. Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. V-Set 359. A thoroughly quixotic preference, for both the Toscanini (V-Set SP 2) and the Mitropoulos (C-Set X 73) excel its limited fidelity to the original sound. However, until something more convincing appears from a foreign source, it must be accepted as the soundest conception, if not one particularly well reproduced.

In addition to the above domestic issues, the following are available or will soon be available from import sources: The second and fourth piano concertos, with Schnabel, the Philharmonia Orchestra and Issay Dobrowen; and a completed "Emperor" (same performers) awaiting issue. The Furtwangler "Fifth Symphony," of epic stature, may be had at overseas prices, but will not be restored to the Victor catalogue. There is a new "Pastoral" by de Sabata and the Augusteo Orchestra (HMV), also a spacious recording of the "Eighth" by Herbert von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic (English Columbia). A new "Coriolan" is expected from English Decca shortly, details of personnel lacking. The "Egmont" done by Alceo Galliara and the Philharmonic Orchestra (English Columbia), and versions of "Leonore No. 3" by Karl Bohm, and the Saxon State Orchestra (HMV) and Eugen Jochum and the Berlin Philharmonic (Ultraphone) complete the list. In his report from Switzerland last month, Roland Gellatt noted that Furtwangler and Menuhin had recently completed the violin concerto for HMV. In this category, however, the recent Szigeti-Walters (Columbia) stands alone.

IRVING KOLODIN.

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ALBANESE

Canzone del salce (Willow Song) and *Ave Maria*, both from "Otello"—Verdi. RCA Victor Orch., Frieder Weissmann, Conductor. 11-9957, $1.

BEECHAM

Le Corsaire: Overture, Op. 21—Hector Berlioz. Conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Record Number 11-9955, $1.

BRAILOWSKY

Etudes, Op. 10 and *Etudes, Op. 25*; also *Three Etudes* (for the method of Moscheles and Fétis)—Chopin. *Red Seal* Album DM*-1171, $9.

FIEDLER

Light Cavalry Overture—Franz von Suppé. Conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Record, No. 11-9954, $1.

KOUSSEVITZKY

Symphony No. 3, in A Minor—Hanson. DM*-1170, $6.

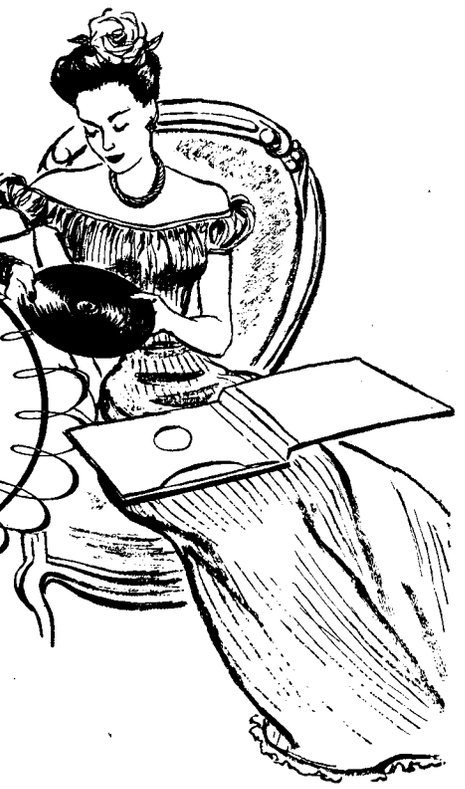
Oberon: Overture—Weber. Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor Record 11-9951, $1.

KREISLER

Viennese Rhapsodic Fantasietta—Kreisler. With the RCA Victor Orchestra, Donald Voorhees, Conductor. Record 11-9952, $1.

EDMUND KURTZ

Larghetto—Handel (Arranged by Jenö Hubay) and *Requiebros* (Cassadó). Arthur Balsam at the piano. 11-9953, $1.



A Wealth of Exciting New

RED SEAL PERFORMANCES

for January

MAYNOR

Ständchen (Serenade) and *Liebesbotschaft* (Love's Message)—Schubert. Words by Rellstab. George Schick at the piano. Record 10-1372, 75¢.

MONTEUX

Escales (Ports of Call)—Ibert. Conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Album. DM*-1173, $3; also DV*-10, $5.

MORINI

Violin Concerto in D, Op. 35—Tchaikovsky. Désiré Defauw conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. *Red Seal* Record DM*-1168, $5.

RUBINSTEIN

Concerto in A Minor, Op. 54—Schumann. RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor. DM*-1176, $5.

TEYTE

French Operatic Arias. Selections from the operas of Pergolesi, Monsigny, Grétry and Dourlen. RCA Victor Orchestra. MO-1169, $3.25.

THOMAS L. THOMAS

Danny Boy (Old Irish Air—arranged by Fred E. Weatherly); *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* (Old Scotch Melody—lyrics by Robert Burns). Record 10-1312, 75¢.

TOSCANINI

Symphony No. 35, in D, K. 385 ("Haffner")—Mozart. Included as the final side: *Dance of the Spirits*—Gluck. NBC Symphony Orchestra. DM*-1172, $4.

WARREN

Selections from "Il Trovatore"—Verdi. RCA Victor Chorale and Orchestra 11-9956, $1.

Prices shown are suggested list exclusive of taxes. (*For M series add $1.00 service charge.)

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RCA VICTOR RECORDS

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Reviews of the Month

An opera album from Broadway, Bruch from Hollywood, and Bach from various points of the compass are gathered for the record buyer in this month's collection. The left hand of Robert Casadesus works for two in Ravel's singular concerto, and there is a Berlioz oddity from Rose Bampton which has no recorded precedent. Toscanini and Koussevitzky balance albums of Tchaikovsky, and another Brahms 2nd Symphony (is it version fifteen or sixteen?) is at hand now for those who may want to purchase it.

Sophisticated Salesmanship

BACH: *"Prelude, Allegro and Fugue in E flat," also works of Scarlatti, Couperin, Rameau, Mozart, Handel, etc. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord.* (Victor album 1181, $7.35.)

There is not much excuse for the omnibus heading above, except Victor's determination to argue a commercial point—namely, that if a customer can't buy one item he wants, he will buy six more he doesn't care about. No less than nine composers are crowded into this miscellany called a "Treasury of Harpsichord Music"—including three works which the lady has previously recorded, with which the listener may well be satisfied. But there is no choice; either you buy the works, or you get nothing.

I'd like to urge a boycott, but that would be an injustice to Mme. Landowska, and the listener athirst for her art. The great fugue of the Bach work she plays superbly, as she does the same composer's arrangement of a Vivaldi concerto (in D); and the two Scarlatti sonatas (Longo Nos. 418 and 423), Chambonnieres's "Sarabande," Rameau's "La Dauphine," Couperin's "Les Barricades Mysterieuses," and Purcell's "Ground in C minor" are also best described as irresistible. In addition, the stringy, resonant tone of the harpsichord is superbly reproduced. It would seem, however, that Victor might have afforded a few blank grooves between short pieces on the same side; or haven't they heard in Camden that one occasionally cares to hear a particular piece rather than everything on a disc?

—Photos by Conrad Eiger.

Columbia's recording does well by Evelyn Keller's performance.

Murder and Mirth

MENOTTI: *"The Medium" and "The Telephone." Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Marilyn Cotlow, Frank Rogier, and Beverly Dane with orchestra conducted by Emanuel Balaban.* (Columbia album M 726, $14.70.)

The Wagnerian contest that goes on for the soul of every composer who writes his own texts has apparently been better resolved by Gian-Carlo Menotti than most others who have attempted the feat. There was never any doubt that Menotti's works were theatrically valid; it is the evidence of the recordings (the first of an American-conceived opera to be presented complete) that the music, if anything, is better than it sounds in the theatre.

Thus, "The Medium," without its Grand Guignol atmosphere, is a surprisingly absorbing feat of musicianship. Some may assign it to a lower drawer in the Puccini highboy, but who else is even within reaching distance these days? "Monica, Monica" is a charming bit of vocal writing, the final outburst of the Medium herself something notably dramatic. Columbia's enterprise is of special value in this instance, for another cast as good as this is not likely to be heard in the work soon, especially Mmes. Powers and Keller. The orchestra, somewhat larger than the one used in the theatre, is ably directed by Emanuel Balaban.

My private suspicion, however, is that anybody's records of "The Telephone" will be played more than "The Medium." The whimsical conceit of a young man who cannot propose to his girl because of her never-ending phone calls—he finally gets her ear by going out and making a call himself—is brilliantly developed and at precisely the right length. Miss Cotlow delivers the music with airy perfection, and with almost total intelligibility. If there is more to ask, I can't imagine what.

Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera sounds even better on wax.

Bonnie, Bonnie Heifetz

BRUCH: *"Scotch Fantasy," Jascha Heifetz, violin; Stanley Chaloupka, harp, with orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.* (Victor album 1183, $4.20.)

The curiosity of this enterprise is not the loose net in which Bruch has snared his folk material, but rather, that no one has exhibited his catch before on records. For that matter, Heifetz has the ideal talents for the job, and they are ennobled here by a quality of recording that is close to the best ever achieved in this country. If one had not learned, in recent months, to be guarded in such statements, one would say that no other records give so factual an account of the uniquely silver tone of this artist, or distinguish so acutely the way in which he excels all his contemporaries.

Who knows, however, how much better may be the more recent English recording of Heifetz (with Beecham) of a Mozart concerto? Till it appears this job from the Republic sound stage in Hollywood may wear its crown with honor. Steinberg is an able collaborator and the playing of the prominent harp is as good as it is prominent.

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"Gayne" without the Gayety

KHATCHATURIAN: *Violin Concerto. Louis Kaufman, violin, with the Santa Monica Symphony conducted by Jacques Rachmilovich.* Concert Hall Society AN, $9.45.

Since Khatchaturian is the moment's darling, this may seem a reasonable risk for those attracted by his "Gayne" ballet. However, it is several degrees less enjoyable, perhaps because it seeks to adapt to a traditional form the ideas which were suitable enough in the loose tunic of ballet's *tutte*. Kaufman is a brilliant fiddle player—few could excel him in such superficial material—and the recording is apt enough for its reproduction on vinylite.

Berlioz at His Best

BERLIOZ: *"D'Amour l'ardente flamme" ("Damnation de Faust"). Rose Bampton, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Wilfred Pelletier.* (Victor 12-0015, $1.05.)

Here is a spectacular dollar's worth of remarkable music and fine interpretative art, all amounting to an experience which has not been offered in an American concert hall in years of performance. The aria has the oratorical air of Berlioz's art at its best, embellished by a subsidiary English horn solo which contrasts wonderfully with the rich tones of Bampton. She is a bit short-breathed for one climaxing phrase, but one can understand why this pitch-shy A flat was allowed to come through; it is hard to imagine a performance more eloquent and vocally expressive than this. Pelletier sustains the mood in his conducting, and the technical detail of the recording is thoroughly successful.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2, in D. Artur Rodzinski and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album M 725, $7.10.)

If the appearance of this new Brahms No. 2 means the retirement of Beecham's (also for Columbia) it will be a pity; for there are values in the older conception which are unique and worthy of perpetuation. It would be easier to be dogmatic about this if the present performance were flagrantly inferior; it is, actually, one of the soundest, surest efforts Rodzinski has put on records, and for the first three movements, beautifully phrased. The finale, however, is small scaled and without proper climax. Carnegie Hall's acoustics are a fine frame for the wonderfully rich sound of the orchestra. IRVING KOLODIN.

A Mixed Bag of Bach

MAGNIFICAT IN D. *Robert Shaw conducting the RCA Victor Chorale and Orchestra, with Susanne Freil (s), Blanche Thebom (ms), Ernice Lawrence (t), Paul Matthen (b). William Vacchiano (first trumpet), Robert Bloom (oboe d'amore), Arthur Lora and Frederick Wilkins.* DM-1182, $4.75.

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO NO. 1, IN F MAJOR. *Three 12" plastic records. Pro Musica Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor.* VOX-618. $7.35.

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO NO. 4, IN G MAJOR. *Two 12" plastic records. Pro Musica Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor.* VOX-621. $5.25.

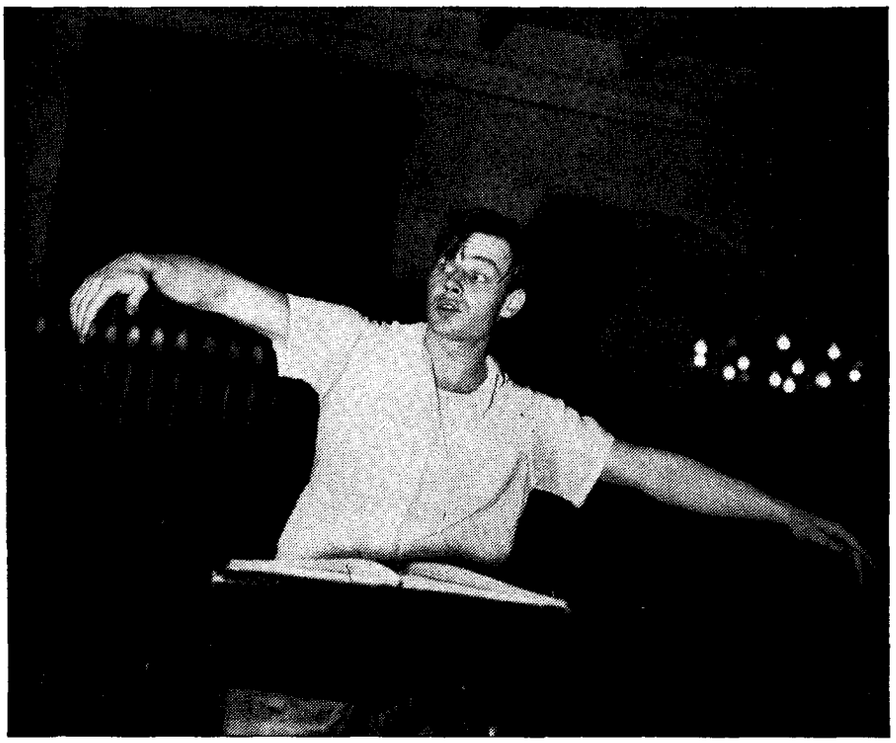
CANTATA #106: *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit. Three 12" records. Harvard Glee Club, Radcliffe Choral Society, and chamber orchestra with harpsichord, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor.* T-6. $5.88.

VIOLIN CONCERTO IN A MINOR. *Two 12" records. Roman Totenberg with the Musicraft Chamber Orchestra.* MUS-78. $3.00.

Robert Shaw, conducting the RCA Victor Chorale and Orchestra and soloists varying from adequate to superb, has turned out an exciting and altogether welcome recording of Bach's "Magnificat in D major." All concerned in making this recording available are to be congratulated for producing this relatively short Latin work in the physical form appropriate to the brevity of its separate numbers: five ten-inch records. Only once does this necessitate a break in the middle of a section, and that comes in the least bothersome spot. The recording is of the high standard established with the Shaw recording of the "B minor Mass," which means that its only technical flaws are inherent in the present development of choral-recording technique. Use of a chorus of modest size, of the instruments called for by the composer, of a remarkable musical daring and sensitivity—these guarantee that Bach's music is beautifully presented.

Of the soloists in the "Magnificat," Blanche Thebom is the most remarkable. The roundness and flexibility of her voice are combined with musical insight in a manner now almost unique in mezzo-soprano singing Her duet with the tenor—"Et misericordia"—once more shows how a superior performer can force a less experienced one to do better than his solo best. For Ernice Lawrence is only a singer of promise. His treatment of the stirring tenor solo "Deposuit potentes de sede" is earnest, but overenthusiastic in the direction of shouting. Paul Matthen handles the bass assignments with powerful suavity, and is especially persuasive in the "Quia fecit mihi magna." The soprano, Susanne Freil, is no more than adequate. The chorus, with the enlivening help of William Vacchiano's trumpet, makes the most of the great "Fecit potentiam," rising without strain to the overpowering climax that

(Continued on page 56)



Robert Shaw scores a hit with his Bach recording.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

SEE PAGE 57 FOR POP REPORT

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: "Fantasie-Impromptu" and "Nocturne" (op 9, No. 2). Alexander Brailowsky, piano. Victor 12-0016, $1.05	It is hard to credit Brailowsky's playing of this work as either fantastic or improvised; rather it is matter of fact and calculated. Thoroughly sound work in the "Nocturne," but a little icy.
Gould: "Interplay." Morton Gould, piano, and the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. Columbia album MX 289, $3.35	If there was a way of making a kitchen sink musical, it would doubtless be some place here; for the work contains everything else from boogie-woogie to a gavotte. Tiresomely clever, and not as fresh as the Gould of yesteryear. Clean recording.
Gounod: "Salut Demeure" ("Faust") and other airs by Delibes, Massenet, and Bizet. Giuseppe Lugo, tenor. Vox album 176, $3.93	Some beautiful vocalizing in the French manner by Lugo, whose art was once circulated on Columbia discs. These are dubbed from Polydor masters, and consequently scratchy. However, the voice is luscious, the art sound. "Lakmé," "Pearl Fishers," and "Werther" are the other operas.
Khatchaturian: "Masquerade" suite. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor album 1166, $3.15	If the wholehearted praise for Khatchaturian's "Gayne" ballet was the provocation for this enterprise, we apologize. This has the cheap flamboyance of net stockings, and will probably wear as well. Good performance, thoroughly wasted.
Moussorgsky: "Nursery Scene" ("Boris Godounoff"). Gladys Palmer, contralto, Derek Barsham, boy soprano, and Norman Lumsden, bass, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Stanford Robinson. EDA 1601, $2.10	An oddity, not only for the English text, but also for the rather appealing quality of the boy's soprano voice. He phrases charmingly and with remarkable clarity. The other elements are excellent, and the suavity of the total sound is of English Decca's unique quality.
Puccini: "Musetta's Waltz" ("Bohême") and "O, Mio Babbino Caro" ("Gianni Schicci"). Bidu Sayão, soprano. Columbia 17515 D, $1	The only new version to be released in half a dozen years, Sayão's treatment of this generally mishandled item is deft and without exaggeration. However, I prefer's Albanese's singing of "Babbino Caro."
Ravel: Concerto for left hand alone. Robert Casadeseus, piano, and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia album MX 288, $3.35	Considering the time that has elapsed since Cortot made this work, a new one by the personnel noted should be automatically preferable. However, the reproduction of the piano is mushy (the instrument itself sounds dull) and the orchestra is no vibrant harp, either. Something better than this ought to be in prospect.
Respighi: "Feste Romane." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album 707, $4.60	A first American recording, and not, one would say, belated. The method is Respighi's familiar one—much instrumental brush-work, no overpowering design. The playing is apt, the recording excellent.
Schubert: "Die Junge Nonne" and "Gretchen am Spinnrade." Kathleen Ferrier, contralto, with Phyliss Spurr, piano. EDA 1632, $2.10	A noble sound is Miss Ferrier's voice, and the mind of the artist is well equipped to handle both her equipment and the requirements of the two great songs. Fine piano, too. An exceptional disc.
Stravinsky: "Pastorale." Joseph Szigeti, violin, with wind quartet. Columbia 72495, $1.25	If "Pastorale" still means what it used to, it is an odd countryside, indeed, that Stravinsky evokes . . . something, say, like the Jersey meadows. Szigeti's edgy tone is a little bit too faithfully served.
Smetana: "Bartered Bride" Overture. Désiré Defauw conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Victor 12-0018, $1.05	A brash, boomy performance, without either gaiety or good nature. Too much tympani in the recording, not enough texture of the orchestra. The Boston "Pops" remains the best of domestic efforts.
Strauss: "Graduation Ball." Antal Dorati conducting the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. Victor album 1180, $5.25	A Straussian potpourri in the manner of "Le Beau Danube" and altogether entertaining. Dorati's background with the ballet (he made this pastiche) is evident in the lightness and rhythmic flow of the performance. A better recording, to this taste, than the Liszt concerto from the same source.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" overture. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra. Victor album 1178, $4.20 "Francesca da Rimini." Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. Victor album 1179, $4.20	A tight, tense, and generally impressive performance by Toscanini, which will please those who do not need every implication of this music underscored. A magnificent recording, especially of the percussion. Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" overture on the odd-side has never been played as well. Koussevitzky's "Francesca" is standard hurly-burly, not able to transmute the dull metal of the piece into anything more. Competent recording, but not in the class of the preceding matter.
Verdi: "Addio del passato" ("Traviata"). Licia Albanese, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Frieder Weissmann. Victor 12-0014, $1.05	A grand effort by Albanese, the best since Muzio's. That however, is as far as I would go in comparing them, for Muzio had a magical speaking voice, as well as a fine singing one. The overside air of Micaäla from "Carmen" (act III) is a little hard driven, but big in line. Leinsdorf is the conductor for this. Both are spaciously recorded.
Weber: "Invitation to the Waltz" (arr. by Berlioz). Anatole Fistoulari conducting the National Symphony Orchestra. EDA 1108, $2.10	Fistoulari does not improve his opportunity as he might, lacking the flexibility and sense of nuance for a complete playing of this piece. Nevertheless, it is closer to the proper style than the Toscanini or Stokowski versions and a realization of the orchestral sound that beggars praise.
Weinberger: "Polka and Fugue" ("Schwanda"). Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor 12-0019, $1.05	Surprisingly heavy-handed work for Mitropoulos, or perhaps it simply doesn't interest him enough. Moreover, the orchestral sound is blurry, without enough definition. Ormandy's of last year is more engaging than this. IRVING KOLODIN.

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Autobiography in Tone

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

FERDINAND "JELLY ROLL" Morton died in the summer of 1941, a bitter and impoverished man. The swing era, then at its height, brought comparative affluence and recognition to many of the lesser talents in jazz, but Jelly Roll was somehow overlooked in the mad rush to discover and publicize genius. His legacy, a collection of unsurpassed recordings, had just about come to the attention of collectors. The story of his life—which cut significantly across the history of jazz—was beginning to attract the chroniclers of jazz.

To the dying Jelly Roll, aware of his contribution to jazz and to American music in general, this must have been of little comfort as he scrambled for means to pay the grocer and the landlord. The idea of genius starving unrecognized in a garret is a typical product of European romanticism, and Morton was too well endowed with that sharp sense of reality which, combined with unfettered fancy, makes up an important facet of the Negro psyche.

Today, less than seven years after his death, the music of Jelly Roll Morton is accepted as a cornerstone in the structure of jazz, the flowering of genius as incontrovertibly rich as that of the great madrigalists—the culmination of an era and a tradition which died thereafter. The recordings which this arrogant, sensitive, sharp-faced little man left to the world are collector's trove and jazz-lover's delight. In addition, 108 large sides, the recapitulation of a life in music, repose in the Library of Congress, an integral part of America's folk archive. Some ninety of these are now being issued, in a monumental project, by Circle Records.

Jelly Roll Morton stands superb, unique, unsurpassed in a field which includes such giants as Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, and James P. Johnson. For Morton was more than a blues singer, a jazz instrumentalist, a band leader. He was more than the repository of the encompassing melodic instinct. Fused in him were all the musical strains—Spanish, French, African, English—which are the flesh and bones of jazz. He carried within his mind and heart the lively rhythms of the New Orleans tenderloin, the poignant emotions of his people, the slow melancholy of the Bayou country and the metabolic patter of Congo Square. In his piano style he could combine the rolling thump of the barrelhouse and delicacy of Creole quadrille, the solid syncopation of the African drum-beat and the shimmer of the *tangana*, the full-throated blues and the tinkle of ragtime.

In the small-band records which Jelly Roll made in the Twenties, however, is the realization of his genius. Using both top-notch and mediocre men, he was able to impose his personality, his creative gifts as composer, his conscious knowledge of the Afro-American heritage, and a restrained sophistication to make definitive recordings of the clean-etched contrapuntal music which we call New Orleans jazz. Drawing together its various folk elements, he was able to effect the synthesis into a full-fledged and robust art form. Characteristically enough, these records were virtually ignored by the white musical world. When Hugues Panassié published his exploratory treatise, "Le Jazz Hot," in the middle Thirties, Morton was included merely in a listing of Negro pianists!

Shortly before his death, Jelly Roll had a flutter of fame. An open letter to *Downbeat*, full of tragic vainglory, won him some notoriety. He was brought to New York, where he cut eight band sides for RCA Victor; some of his earlier records were reissued; the short-lived General Records Company issued the notable album of vocals and piano solos, "New Orleans Memories" (now on the Commodore label), and several uneven band sides. But this earned him little money and he was soon drowned out by the high-powered commercial bands and their 52nd Street echo.

In 1938, however, in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress, through five weeks of intermittent recording, Morton sat at a grand piano and, with occasional promptings from Alan Lomax, set down on instantaneous glass discs one of the most extraordinary documentaries in the history of music. The man who had seen jazz evolve from blues and ragtime, who had seen it flourish in New Orleans and then spread over the whole country, who had lived and played it for close to four decades, dictated his autobiography.

FOR musicologist, for sociologist, for music lover, this was a priceless store, a compendium of personal and musical reminiscence. Life in the New Orleans Redlight, the legends of great musicians, the colorful details of day-to-day existence, the great music played in the honky-tonks and on the riverboats, the compositions Morton himself devised, all this was etched on glass—a combination of history, travelogue, and *apologia pro vita sua*. This monologue was more chanted than spoken, a counterpoint to the steady movement of his hands on the keys.

These are the records which Circle Records was able to issue commercially. Of the 108 sides, Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis were able to put together ninety for public consumption. With loving care this "autobiography" was edited and pared down, with certain over-frank sections deleted, then dubbed on vinylite and gathered into albums. Unfortunately, these beautifully recorded and beautifully mounted records, this precious cargo, will remain beyond the reach of the growing number of Jelly Roll Morton collectors. They are being sold on a subscription, all-or-nothing basis —the twelve albums for $120.

With Volumes I and II on issue, there is no doubt that each one is worth $10. Jelly Roll Morton comes alive on each side. It is a pity that only a select few will have a chance to own a great musical testament, that the wide public which Jelly Roll sought to reach throughout his frustrated life will remain excluded.

Ralph de Toledano is the editor of the recently published "Frontiers of Jazz," an anthology of writings on the subject.

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SCRATCHING *the* SURFACE

HOLLYWOOD.

WITH New York boasting the greatest blizzard since '88, and sunny California under the blanket of an epidemic filmically titled Virus X, the major record companies have taken all possible precautions to complete their rush schedule for the late but scarcely lamented year of 1947. Working on a twenty-four hour shift, Capitol, for instance, has amassed a staggering quota of platters, turned out in three cities, Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York.

Capitol artists successful in getting in that last beat before the deadline include Margaret Whiting, who puts her singing signature on an album similar in styling to her Rodgers and Hart-warming ballads. This time she warbles songs by her late father, the talented Richard Whiting. Included are such nostalgic numbers as "Funny That Way," "You're an Old Smoothie," and "Sleepy Time Gal." Margaret's vocalizing is backed by Frank DeVol's orchestra. Another Capitol canary to make her last chirp before the year's end is Peggy Lee. With Dave Barbour on guitar, and the Brazilians accompanying, Peggy will be heard on one side of a platter singing "Mañana Is Soon Enough for Me," and on the reverse, "All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart." . . . Although Capitol refused at this time to divulge the title of their latest satire, Red Ingle and Jo Stafford have done another take-off along the lines of the fabulously successful "Tim-Tayshun." . . . Also to be expected in record shops within the near future is a record featuring Johnny Mercer and the King Cole Trio, captioned "My Baby Likes to Be-Bop." On the flip-over, Mercer and Trio give out with "You Can't Make Money Dreaming."

* * *

Among the flicker gleanings we picked up, is the announcement that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will film the life story of Hoagy Carmichael. Title of the picture, naturally, "The Stardust Road," from the autobiography of the same name. . . . Kathryn Grayson has recorded an album of records for the M-G-M label. Featured are songs Miss Grayson sings in the picture "The Kissing Bandit." Also from Leo the Lion, comes word that Fred Astaire will be seen dancing in slow motion. That's the treat promised in "Easter Parade," the new Technicolor musical currently in production. One of Astaire's swiftest dance steps will be photographed at one-fourth actual speed, thus providing a clear study of the celebrated Astaire technique. After Astaire had conceived the idea for the novel dance routine, it required a full month of technical experiments for John Arnold, head of M-G-M's camera department, to perfect a way to synchronize the slow motion action to the sound, which continues in normal rhythm. This is the first time such synchronization has been achieved.

* * *

In the classical field, Alco has recorded the Ravel "Duet for Violin and Cello," played by Manuel and Alec Compinsky. Other works carrying the Alco label are the Ravel Sonata for violin and piano, as interpreted by Manuel and Sara Compinsky; the Fauré Quartet, featuring the Compinsky Trio and Milton Thomas on viola, and the César Franck Trio in F-Sharp Minor. The last of these is a "second" for the Compinskys. A number of years ago they recorded this work for Co-Art Records.

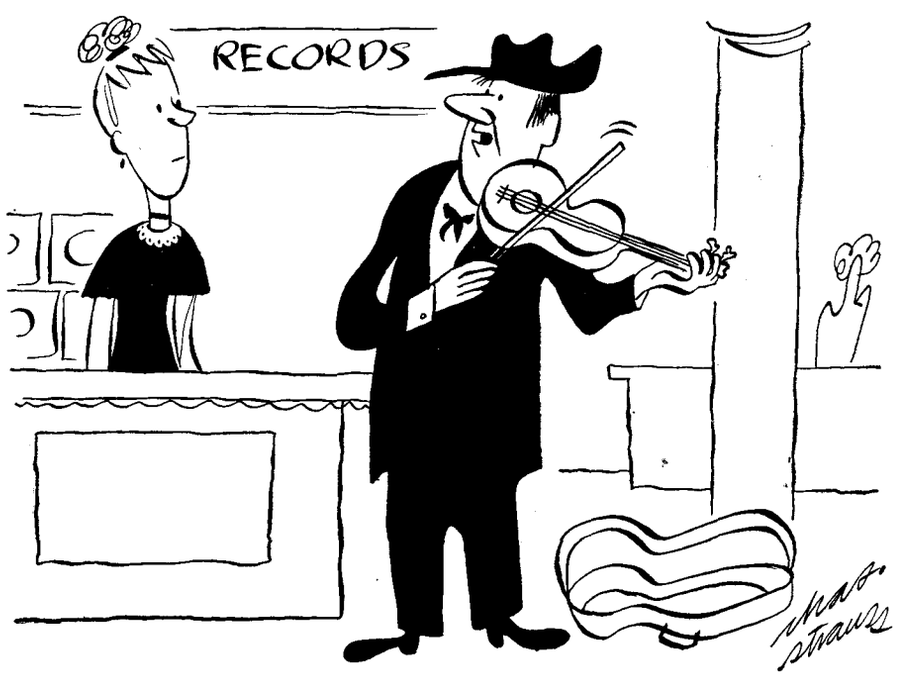
Jacques Rachmilovich, who puts the Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra through its paces, has recorded a number of chamber music works, with different combinations playing a variety of opuses, ranging from Bach to Darius Milhaud. Rachmilovich has discovered that there is a rather extensive literature of music for two violins hitherto unrecorded. So with Joachim Chassman and Oscar Wasserberger as performers, Rachmilovich has supervised the recording of the Prokofieff "Sonata for Two Violins Unaccompanied"; a Bach sonata, as well as one of the Handel duos.

* * *

Artur Rodzinski's short-lived career with the Chicago Symphony has brought into circulation some of the incidents that occurred when he took over the orchestra. Since his previous recording affiliation was with Columbia, and the orchestra is Victor property, there was something less than an ideal situation for recording work. While Columbia demurred and Victor hedged, Rodzinski informed both: "This is an ultimatum. The Chicago orchestra will not record for anybody." (It didn't.)

The last word from Columbia brings news of very little classical recording on the Coast. Except for a piano session with Oscar Levant performing the "Sabre Dance" and "Lullaby" from Khatchaturian's ballet "Gayane," the studios have been humming with popular artists. Among them are Jane Powell's "Summertime," and "Lover Come Back to Me"; Frank Sinatra's versions of "Why Was I Born?," and "When Is Some-Time?" . . . The horn of Harry James will be heard blowing out the last Petrillo-free air in "Ah, But It Happened," "Every Day I Love You a Little Bit More," and "You Can Do No Wrong." Not to be outdone by Levant, Woody Herman has recorded a dance-band version of the "Sabre Dance." Other waxings by Woody include "Cherokee Canyon," and "The Goof and I."

LEONARD HOFFMAN.



"Can't for the life of me remember the title, but the tune goes something like this. . . "

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Music on the Cuff

E. POWER BIGGS

BACH'S "Royal Instrument," as Robert Schumann (in a notable review of a Leipzig recital by Felix Mendelssohn) calls the organ, is far from being the impersonal and imperturbable instrument that it may appear. It is, in fact, a rather fascinating combination of Gibraltar-like solidity and unpredictable temperament.

The hazards of Bach's time were fewer, with mechanical rather than electrical action, but the player of today performs on an instrument which offers him as varied an assortment of surprises and pitfalls as it does musical satisfactions and possibilities. In its capacity for the unexpected the organ possesses a repertoire almost as unlimited as its heritage of splendid music.

For example, consider the array of possibilities, for good or for mischief, spread before the player. There may be from two to seven keyboards rising terrace fashion in front, each having thirty-six white and twenty-five black keys. Underneath is an additional keyboard, with notes of larger size and of somewhat shorter range. This pedalboard continues downward the tonal compass of the manuals, and is played by the feet, toe and heel picking out the counterpoint of the bass.

To the left and right of the keyboards are possibly a hundred or more draw-knobs—the stops—each controlling a rank of pipes, and in total representing all the different gradations of tone and volume in the organ. Spread above the top keyboard, and down below above the pedalboard, may be half as many more knobs, or small domino-like tablets. These are the couplers. By tilting them up or down one may couple, or combine, the different keyboards; so that in effect one may play on all of them at once. Other tablets will make every note on a certain manual play an octave higher or lower. Both devices serve to give the player an additional pair of hands.

As a preliminary to performance, or even before touching the keys—however tentatively—one must set the stops, and survey the scene carefully on all sides to see what is "on."

A split note is harmless compared to a wrong stop! An accidental flick of the finger on a small tablet, or a stop out when it should be in, will com-

pletely change the tonal picture. One may expect the dulciana pianissimo, only to be greeted by trumpets fortissimo. A conductor giving a cue to the strings pp, and receiving trombones ff, is no more startled than the organist who inadvertently has overlooked some innocent little tablet, or who has failed to notice that some small foot lever is on instead of off. It may even be just the fault of a small bulb in a signal light, designed to signify this, which has quietly burned out. The range of delightful faux pas offered by the organ is as large as its specification, which is another name for its tonal capacity.

THE organ, moreover, has other novel caprices all its own. It is not unknown for an organ suddenly to start to play all by itself. This, by the way, being known—quite illogically—as "ciphering." A violin string may break, or an oboe reed may fail; but these instruments, if left quite alone, will at any rate behave themselves. Occasionally, and for no visible reason, a note in an organ may start to speak, and continue to do so until a tiny flick of dust is dislodged from some valve, or a sticking magnet adjusted. These valves and magnates are of course in the bowels of the instrument, quite out of immediate reach of the player. In the opposite extreme, it is even possible that a broken wire, or a blown fuse at the blowing motor, may reduce the instrument to complete and solemn silence.

Frankly, however, with our excellent modern instruments these incidents occur less frequently than broken strings to string players. And on the rare occasion when something does happen it may have an amusing side. One may smudge an evening shirt front by delving into the organ in an emergency, but the audience will probably find this diverting enough, as I know from a few experiences on tour. I distinctly remember an instance where applause for fixing a cipher about equaled that for the whole concert.

Speaking of evening dress reminds me of another hazard—the starched shirt cuff. At the crucial moment of reaching for the trompette on the top manual one's shirt cuff may obligingly start doubling on the manual just below, no doubt in a totally unrelated key. For organ keys will speak with full voice if depressed by so much as one-eighth of an inch. There is no middle ground, no whispered approach, and the touch of a coat sleeve backed by a starched cuff is quite enough to unleash cacophony.

For a concert or recording session one prepares not only the music, but also all the changes of stops—the "registration"—and the changes of manuals, which will be peculiar to the particular instrument being used. Even the temperature must be just right to insure that the organ is dead in tune, for colder air is denser air, and vibrates in the pipes more slowly, thus lowering pitch. In fact one must replan the whole campaign, on each new instrument one plays, down to the last sixteenth note and stop and push button.

Thus the "Royal Instrument" for all its size and apparent solidity is something to be handled with the metaphorical kid gloves. The rewards are great, for through the instrument one inherits a rich and unequaled musical literature from the centuries, in whose preparation and performance the player enjoys a creative experience to be duplicated in no other way.

E. Power Biggs has done perhaps more recording than any other organist in America, and is often heard on the Columbia network. A new album will be available shortly.

MUSIC QUIZ

(*Answers will be found on page* 58)

What identical family names go with these pairs of unrelated popular musicians?

Nathaniel	Lancelot
William	Henry
Charles	Maxine
Jane	Joseph

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THE JAZZ BEAT

BUSINESS IN B

THINGS used to be ridiculously simple in the record business. Every week or so Victor, Columbia, or Decca would deign to fling a new release at the buying public and you could take it or jolly well leave it. In the past few years, however, anybody with some five-figure money and an abiding desire to be considered an entrepreneur could begin by placing wavy incisions in plaques of wax. Such positive initial action can only lead, after due processing, to a finished record, and a new label is born, alas. At last audit there were over four hundred labels in existence, a most unsavory kettle of fish, indeed.

But perhaps all is not overly dolorous. If it has become practically impossible to remember whether Herzy Flange records for Cacophony Records under his own name or uses his *nom de disque* of Flapcap O'Toole, there are a few blessings in this multi-companied torrent of shellac. For every "Near You" styled by Bullet Records, for every "Peg o' My Heart" on Vitacoustic, let us hope there will be something like "Yardbird Suite," by Charlie Parker, on Dial Records to mitigate the anguish.

The so-called independents have been able to achieve esoteric specializations obviously impossible for the majors. Such a specialist is Ross Russell, the astute young president of Dial Records. Many independent companies have concentrated solely on jazz for years but Dial is going a step further and eschewing all but bebop. The circumstance is at once a tribute to Russell's discernment and the steadily growing stature of bebop. When Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Kenny Clerk, *et al.* began to jam in their bizarre fashion several years ago, few thought a day would come when a company could exist on the recordings of these stars and their satellites.

You will search a long time before you find a disc with as fine a pairing as Charlie Parker's "A Night in Tunisia" and "Ornithology" (Dial 1002). If you have yet to sample Parker's alto saxophone, there is a decided deficiency in your diet. Some of Dizzy Gillespie's finest cuttings are offered on these canary-yellow labels. Two of the sides, "'Round About Midnight" (Dial 1001) and "Diggin' for Diz" (Dial 1005) are prime proof that bebop may assume a guise of subtle, subdued, and beautiful music as well as up-tempoed savagery. Howard McGhee demonstrates that he is the equal of Dizzy in technique but lacks the original's artistry. Some exciting Dodo Marmarosa piano and Teddy Edward's tenor saxophone "Up in Dodo's Room" (Dial 1010A) make McGhee's recording sextet wax-worthy.

A 1947 Bebop Album (Dial D-1, $3.90) has been compiled and, as it presents most of the modern jazz protagonists in their better moments, it may well become one of the handier reference packets in the library. The 1948 edition is now in preparation. It may be well to add that the selections in this catalogue are not obscured by a miasma of surface noise and the fidelity and balance of sound are among the best in domestic circles.

Just before the recording ban many interesting items were made including some Marmarosa trios using a cello instead of string bass, some rather complex "head" production numbers by Howard McGhee and company, and some exotic dreams of Charlie Parker with Max Roach playing Cubanesque drums. Maybe 1948 will be a leap year in more ways than one.

SATURDAY NIGHT SWING SESSION Vol. 12 (Vox Album VSP 310, $3.90).

Quite an improvement over Volume 1 of the series, probably due to the presence of a better group consisting of Charlie Ventura, Bill Harris, Ralph Burns, and others. In six sides only two selections are used so it may be seen that the soloists were given ample room to spread out. It is an uninhibited take-your-turn broadcast session recorded "off-the-air."

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: *I Want a Little Girl; Joseph and His Brudders* (Victor 20-2612, 63¢).

Some rather impotent Armstrong is herewith brought into the cold stare of the public gaze. The first side is pleasant enough but the tale of Joseph's family troubles cannot be categorized as something to cherish.

WASHBOARD SAM: *No Special Rider; Ramblin' with That Woman* (Victor 20-2606, 63¢).

One of the most charming records in an alarmingly lean month. If you have never savored the wares of a washboard ensemble, there is a quaint kick in store for you. This group uses the streamlined, or Yankee, washboard, scorning the traditional and complex New Orleans version which boasts small cymbals, bicycle bells, and bits of pots and pans. From this welter of high-decibel hardware, a virtuoso can coax a wealth of rhythmic excitement.

DIZZY GILLESPIE: *Two Bass Hit; Stay On It* (Victor 20-2603, 63¢).

The Great Gillespie has given us six minutes of somewhat dull music unredeemed save for his own interesting solo on the first side. If you want an introduction to bebop, avoid these sides. They are just a couple of slips that every artist makes.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite" mitigates the anguish of some of the top ten.

Armstrong's "I Want a Little Girl" is pleasant enough, "Joseph and His Brudders" not.

—*Photos by Bill Gottlieb.*

"Howard McGhee—the equal of Dizzy in technique but lacks the original's artistry."

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Some Highs and Lows

THE RECORDING "CHARACTERISTIC"

PAST general discussions here have so far not touched upon one rather specific technical aspect of the recording art which is decidedly worth knowing a little about, for all who wish a more satisfying sense of the virtues and the vices of their equipment and records. That is the question of the recording "characteristic," the proportion in which the higher and lower tones on a record are necessarily unbalanced as compared with the original sound picked up by the microphones.

It is easy enough to imagine that if somehow the electrical signal can be passed along intact from the microphone to your loudspeaker, then the purely physical area of trouble, at last, is removed. As far as radio is concerned, notably FM radio, this is easily possible, given good equipment. But when it comes to records there are several major variables along the way that cause no end of confusion among listeners. The fact that all records are purposely distorted as far as tonal balance is concerned is one of these, especially since the degree of that distortion varies with the manufacturer. But the principles involved are not overly difficult to grasp.

To begin with, every record owner knows that it is possible to vary not only the over-all loudness of reproduced sound, but also the *relative* loudness of different pitch registers, high and low—as with the familiar tone control, which reduces the loudness of the higher tones (the faster vibrations) without affecting that of the lower tones (slower vibrating). (There is of course no tone control that affects actual sound waves in the air; we are speaking here of electric currents that carry the pattern of the sound waves.) But the tone-control knob is not the only thing that concerns this vital relative volume of higher and lower tones. Every separate element in the long chain of sound reproduction has its own particular behavior pattern, comparing what it gives forth to what it receives. Some elements, or groups of them, the amplifier for instance, can be perfected to give an accurate, balanced reflection of the relative volume of all the sounds as received. But—and here is the crux — other major elements, notably the crystal pickup and the record itself, are *inherently incapable* of reproducing the whole tonal pattern in the same balance of loudness as received.

Fortunately, it is quite simple to avoid this apparent impasse. Other sections of the electrical circuit can be arranged to deal with the electrical signal exactly oppositely, and thus by applying a reverse distortion, bring things back to the original balance. This is a fundamental principle. From beginning to end, sound reproduction is a system of checks and balances where the "characteristic" of one section compensates for that of another, rather than, as many people fondly imagine, a system where each section of the whole chain must pass on the sound exactly as received. Far from it! Only the final result of all the checks and balances must approximate

the original sound; if this is accomplished, we are not worried by the distortions and counterdistortions en route.

It can be seen then why the endless talk of individual components of the sound system as "high fidelity" is so confusing. True, some items, such as a transformer, or even a whole amplifier, can pass the signal on "flat," as the engineers put it (referring to a simple graph of the relative volume of the high and low tones as they are passed along). These sections of your reproducing equipment are truly objective in their treatment, giving forth an image of what they receive. But other sections are not so simple in their treatment, nor so objective. The crystal pickup, for example, is so constituted that it passes on the bass tones relatively more strongly than it does the higher tones. (Graphed on paper, it has a "characteristic" that slopes upward at the low pitch end, down at the high, as compared to the "flat" balance of the original sound.) All commercial records have their lower tones recorded relatively *less* strongly than the middle and higher tones; all records then, being somewhat less than objective, must be compensated for, elsewhere along the line, to restore the balance. *No record is in itself faithful to the original sound.* Fortunately,

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since the records are weak-based and the crystal pickup over-strong in the bass, the two make a useful working Jack - Sprat - and - his-wife team for most practical purposes, without further compensation.

It is not too hard to understand why the bass must be arbitrarily weakened in all records. It is a matter of energy. The slower a vibration is (sound is vibration), the *wider* it must be to get across a given amount of energy. Applied to a record, this means that the lower-pitched a tone is (the slower its vibrations), the wider the record groove must be in order to get across a given amount of loudness. It is easy to record loud higher tones; the vibrations, though powerful, are narrow. But to record a deep bass tone the groove must wiggle over a very wide side-to-side area.

The answer, then, is to record the lower tones progressively more weakly, and to make up for this somewhere else in the system.

The trouble is that there is vital disagreement as to how much weakening there should be. And at what pitch level that weakening should begin—where the "roll-off" should start, as the engineers have it. This point, the so-called *turnover point,* varies widely. European records generally begin to weaken only at a quite low pitch—250 cycles or so. American records often begin falling off higher, anywhere from 400 to 1,000 cycles (a little below C on the piano). Given the same unadjustable phonograph, the foreign records will appear to give a stronger bass than the American records.

But remember this: with the proper balancing compensation the two types of records may both sound alike. Both are "correct." Many home machines have adjustable bass and treble controls, so that at least you may adjust things by ear and taste to suit yourself. However, when it is understood that manufacturers also do astonishing things to the treble tones in their records, it is easy to see that today confusion reigns more or less unchecked.

There is a move on, dispirited, but growing, to arrange for a once-and-for-all, world-wide agreement on what shall be a single standard "characteristic" for at least this one controllable section of the reproduction chain, the phonograph record itself. Given an exact, specified "curve" or graph of the high and low tone strength that would apply to all records, phonograph manufacturers could dispense with compromising and build their machines to match that standard, as nearly as economical considerations would permit, price for price. We would all be a lot happier.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

THE YOUNGER SET

A HEALTHY, new young brother to "Ballad for Americans" has come along from Victor to its young audience called "Johnny Stranger." It is another offspring of George Kleinsinger and Paul Tripp, describing Johnny, a young immigrant, who comes to our shores seeking "a gentleman in a stove pipe hat, candy-striped trousers, and a sprinkling of stars all over." As we follow Johnny in his travels, a panorama of America, its resources and its friendly spirit, is unfolded. "Johnny Stranger" is Americana on a high and intelligent level, which will nevertheless appeal to many children who found "Ballad for Americans" heavy going. Ray Middleton is the more-than-able narrator (Victor album Y 363, $2.25).

Brotherhood is also evident in the "New Composers" series from the Young People's Record Club. On the jacket of its first issue, devoted to Igor Stravinsky, it declares that almost all of his music "has been recorded by Victor and Columbia, and is available for further pleasure and study." This unprecedented generosity may be reciprocated by its competitors, but one wouldn't bet on it. In any case, the fresh approach to record merchandising is reflected in the issue itself, which avoids the kind of thumbnail sketch which has been overworked by other companies. Instead, a child's question about the form and style of Stravinsky's music is illustrated by some natural dialogue, and samples of the composer's writing—on the piano, and by the orchestra directed by Walter Hendl. This is not only a step forward, but in the right direction (Y.P.R.C. 407, $1.49). The other current issue of the Young People's Record Club is less attractive. It is Prokofiev's "Ugly Duckling," written in 1914 and not previously heard over here. For this the reason is evident, as the music is dry and unmelodic, the narration by Leon Lishner without charm (Y.P.R.C. 1004-1005, $2.98).

The month's story telling varies from excellent to poor. The notion that Gudrune Thorne-Thomsen is one of the few recording artists who would be unaffected by the Petrillo restrictions—she is violently opposed to incidental music—is deflated by her "Freddie and the Fiddle," which has a full complement of such intrusion. She tells the story (from "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon") with her usual artistry, but the music is no asset.

Decca offers another imaginative production in "What Makes Rain," paralleling the gay spontaneity of "Genie the Magic Record." The story of the three little drops "who had a job to do and did not shirk" is fine entertainment and useful education. David Friedkin is responsible for it (Decca CV 107, $2).

John Sebastian's harmonica virtuosity is the starting point of "Happy Harmonica," of which he is not only chief performer, but creative collaborator with Jane Sebastian. The story of a little boy who sets his heart on acquiring a harmonica which costs the astronomical sum of $1.03 (with tax) is warmly related by Sebastian, with a proper range of instrumental effects.

In brief: "The Fox and the Grapes" (Pilotone $1.05) is a modern version of the Aesop fable, offering Dick Powell as principal performer. His engaging personality and the folk music employed provide pleasant entertainment.

"Johnny Round the Block" (Vox V.S.P. 307, $3.15) offers good story material, ineptly handled. Both narration and music are below par.

"Molly Whuppie" suggests the "Jack and the Beanstalk" story mated with the New Look. It's not a happy combination. The music is by Henri Rene, the narration by Jack Cronan (Victor 361, $2.25). It rates, at present, as the worst new offering of '48.

"The Bells of Calais" (Y.P.R.C. 7108, $1.49) is a fantasy based on the familiar "Frère Jacques." Tastefully done, it should appeal to children of pre-school age.

Finally, teachers in search of usable music for classroom purposes might investigate H.M.V.'s "Let's Pretend" series by Nancy Henry, with arrangements by A. Collingwood. As well as being encouraged in rhythmic activity, the children will become familiar with composers as different as Mozart and Johann Strauss. The scope is wide, the performances lively.

MARIE L. MUTCH.

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THE OTHER SIDE

PARIS.

SINCE the Liberation, France's major record companies (Pathé-Marconi, which controls Gramophone, Columbia, Pathé, Swing; Discophiles Français, Odéon, Anthologie Sonore, Oiseau Lyre, Pacific, Sofradi, and Polydor) have made serious efforts to lift production to its prewar levels and to build up sizable catalogues. Repressings on better-quality shellac have been made of the most popular records of the past ten years. Simultaneously, new recordings have been made of many works, by the finest French and foreign artists, taking advantage of the latest technical developments.

With records assuming an increasing importance in French musical life, the Association de le Presse Phonographique has been founded. This association, which will eventually be international in scope, endeavors to bring about the closest artistic and material relationship between the record companies and the music critics. The association has been responsible in part for the creation of the Grand Prix du Disque (Grand Prize for Records), to be awarded to the best discs of the year. Some months ago, a jury made up of leading figures in the music world, including Arthur Honegger, Louis Aubert, and Eric Sarnette, awarded two grand prizes, twenty other prizes, and seven honorable mentions.

I will discuss here the principal winners of the Grand Prix du Disque 1947. Awards for the 1948 Grand Prix, to be judged in the near future, will be reported in a coming RECORDINGS.

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD, *by Arthur Honegger. Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire, soloists, narrator, and chorus under the direction of Charles Münch.* (DB-5. 135-7, Gramophone, 3 records.)

"The Dance of the Dead" is considered, with "Joan at the Stake," one of the best works of Paul Claudel and Arthur Honegger. "The Dance" is, however, more popular, closer to people, painted in brighter colors, more boldly modeled, and moves more rapidly. It is more likely to reveal to the general public the *esthétique* of its authors. Without doubt, it is the most striking lyric and dramatic composition since Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande."

Introduced at Basle under the direction of Paul Sacher on March 2, 1940, the work was immediately successful. It was received as enthusiastically in France and elsewhere. It was at Basle, too, that Paul Claudel conceived this oratorio. The great French poet had been struck by the unconstrained and joyous character of the figurines and skeletons in Holbein's "Dance of the Dead," and in the choreographic and funereal paint-

ings which cover the walls of the churches and convents of Basle.

The composer, who had just completed the oratorio "Joan at the Stake," with Claudel, thought immediately in terms of a composition for small orchestra. But the poet wanted the work to begin with a thunderous burst. It was then decided to employ the resources of a full orchestra to which were added a chorus, soloists, and a narrator.

The recording itself, at the suggestion of Honegger, was entrusted to the artists who had given the work its first performance in France. Charles Panzéra's voice, warm and full of nuance, contrasts with the fluid and airy soprano of Mme. Odette Turba-Rabier. Mme. Eliette Schenneberg and the Yvonne Gouverne chorus sing with remarkable stylistic precision. The narrator, Jean-Louis Barrault, with poignant and dramatic delivery, points up the instrumental score magnificently. Charles Münch, with his usual mastery, gives to this perfectly recorded work all the necessary drive, extracting from it the power and dramatic verve which are its very essence. (Prize winner, Grand Prix du Disque 1947.)

REQUIEM MASS, *by Hector Berlioz. Orchestra and chorus under the direction of Jean Fournet. Soloist: Georges Jouatte, tenor* (LFX-659-69, Columbia, 10 records).

This grandiose work can be considered the apotheosis of Romanticism —a romanticism which is not dying of weariness but which blazes out suddenly, strong, revived, in bright new armor, healthy and victorious. The "Requiem" of Berlioz is a monumental achievement, impossible to place in any chronological niche because it is of all times and of all places.

The "Requiem" was recorded in its entirety at the Church of Saint-Eustache in Paris. First performed at the Invalides, the mass was written specifically for performance in a church where the music could echo from the walls and the vaulted ceilings. This musical effervescence—despite moments of divine calm, despite the very special care with which the recording was supervised—lends itself rather badly to phonographic treatment which cannot reproduce the titanic atmosphere and the majestic up-surge of the "Requiem."

Despite the unevenness resulting from the disproportion between the magnitude of the music and the medium, there are many exceedingly beautiful passages, and these alone justify this recording.

The Passani chorus and the Grand Orchestre Symphonique are directed with authority and understanding by Jean Fournet who possesses a sense of musical shading and of sound masses. (Prize winner—Grand Prix du Disque 1947.)

SYMPHONY FOR STRING ORCHESTRA, *by Arthur Honegger. Orchestre de la Societé des-Concerts du Conservatoire under the direction of Charles Münch* (W-1.600-2, Gramophone, 3 records).

This symphony, the composer's second, was written in 1941 and symbol-

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izes the drama which was then torturing the world. It is a human and poignant work which by its strength and profundity of expression reaches the summits of art. Few works, moreover, have even been so enthusiastically, perhaps deliriously, received by young musicians and students.

The "Symphony for Strings," however, utilizes extremely simple means —the quatuor for strings. But all the resources of string and bow are employed with rare felicity. It is a sea of rhythms and sounding depths, of harmonic masses, which sadly and ceaselessly ebb and flow, across whose expanse can be heard the haunting cries and lamentations of agonized humanity. The first movement is a rondo whose refrain is a plaintive and echoing monotony. The adagio is a sort of funeral oration, somber and anguished. The third movement, *vivace non troppo*, is extraordinarily dynamic and abrupt. Humanity revolts against the besetting unhappiness. Rhythmic shocks become more violent, rapid, brutal. Then, unexpectedly, there emerges from this vehement counterpoint a magnificent plainchant carried by three trumpets, a chorale-like affirmation, luminous and solemn, an act of faith and hope in the future.

Charles Münch conducts the Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts in a perfect reading. The recording itself highlights in a striking manner the timbres, the nuances, the sonorities of the score, successfully transferring to wax one of the most significant compositions of our time.

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION, *by Moussorgsky-Ravel. Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire, under the direction of Jean Giardino* (PDT-84-87, Pathé, 4 records).

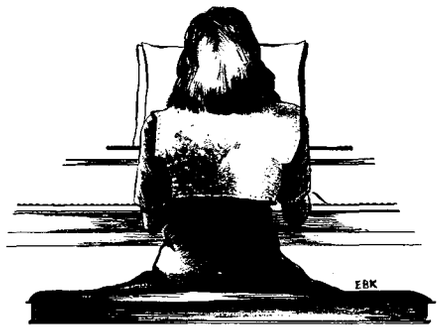
There is no need, I am sure, to stress the musical value of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." Ravel's orchestration, so precise, so respectful of the spirit of the original, is a model of its kind. The Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts faithfully depicts each canvas. It may be asked if Jean Giardino, whose musical sensitivity is well known, has the breadth necessary to encompass so rich an "art gallery." The weaknesses, the lack of highlights and contrasts cannot be blamed on the mechanics of an old but still good recording. Nevertheless, these records possess excellent orchestral and tonal qualities which have won them a place in the Grand Prix du Disque 1947. The eighth side, completing the set, is, happily, "The Marketplace of Soratchinsky," in an orchestral adaptation by Liadov, and the famous "Flight of the Bumblebee."

HABANERA, *by Louis Aubert. Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire under the direction of Charles Münch* (DB-11.109, Gramophone, 1 record).

The "Habanera" of Louis Aubert belongs with those works which have had immediate success. Played for the first time at the Concert Pasdeloup, in March of 1919, it is without question the most successful, the most definitive, and the best loved composition of the Breton musician—melodic, rhythmic, fiery, infinitely lyric.

Charles Münch, leading the Orchestre des Concerts, gives it a sensitive, delicate, voluptuous reading, setting off the diverse colorings of a sumptuous orchestration. Very familiar music, certainly, but quite perfectly recorded. Truly a winner of the Grand Prix du Disque 1947.

GÉRARD MICHEL.



Gérard Michel, who will write about French recordings from time to time, is critic for La Revue Musicale *and* Nouvelles Paroles Francaises, *a lecturer for the University of Paris, and a frequent commentator for Radiodiffusion Française.*

TOSCANINI SURVEY

(*Coupon referred to on page* 37)

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HITS AND MISSES

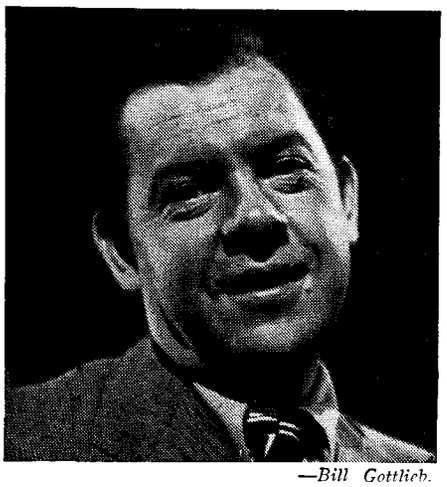
A FEW remarks on style: so far as musical interpretation is concerned, style may be said to consist in finding a fit approach to the music in hand, and then sticking to it. This seems simple and obvious enough, the recurrent wonder being how few people, even among those who spend their lives in connection with one or another of the arts, have any marked quantity of those discriminative gifts which we subsume under such headings as style, taste, or flair. Here, for instance, is Charles Spivak, technically a remarkable trumpeter, leading his orchestra in the performance of a number called "Tenderly" (Victor 20-2585-B, 63¢). One might suppose that the title itself would cue Spivak and his forces as to the mood with which to approach the piece. Not at all. With brilliant brass and multi-ply orchestration, they go at the song with such vehemence I felt I had attended the revving up of a turbo-jet contrivance.

The popular record lists are cavernous with lack of style. Sometimes it is just this business of the manner failing to suit the matter. Or the interpreter keeps shifting his approach. A popular record, only a bit over three minutes in length, is just about long enough to get a mood established. It is not long enough to encourage a variety of moods. But in scads of popular discs the musicians cannot, apparently, settle for being sentimental *or* purple *or* powerhouse *or* what have you. They try, unhappily, for a mélange. Thus, Claude Thornhill, whose orchestra has a reputation for dulcet romancing, not only offers that flavor in "Don't Call It Love" (Columbia 37979, 75¢) but also throws in ornate tenor saxophone passages à la Coleman Hawking, vigorous orchestral *tuttis*, and a dramatic vocal by a young woman named Fran Warren, who sings the trifling ditty as though it were the last act of "Traviata."

Few popular numbers are so challenging from the standpoint of style as Kurt Weill's famous "September Song," a haunting, delicate affair concerned with an aging man's bid for a young girl's affection. It calls for great performing tact and subtlety, aimed at the effect of absolute sincerity and pathos. The song's original singer, Walter Huston, achieved that effect (his very vocal insecurity was an asset in this case, promoting the illusion of naturalness); his version will perhaps never be surpassed. Certainly the song resists even the slightest slickness or unction, and it gets a great deal of both those qualities from the sleekly blended voices of the Delta Rhythm Boys, together with violent tempo changes and sundry unfortunate mannerisms of Harlem rhythm singing. A truly poetic song becomes a hopped-up specialty number. The Delta Boys are more successful in the strictly uptown numbers of their new "Dry Bones" album (Victor P193, $3.57)—although this department prefers its barbershop chording on the ardent, folk-music side, as represented, say, by Mitchell's Christian Singers.

Another stylistic misfortune which besets popular music is the wedding of fine tunes with lamentable words. One way to solve the problem of the sentimental lyric is to make it so trite that it is unnoticeable, constituting no possible interruption to the pleasure of the melody. Another might be called the Cole Porter gambit—make the words so outrageous that their burlesque value is their own defense. Still another, and the most difficult, is to write with genuine grace. But an all-too-common experience is the lyric which does its best to obliterate interest in the tune. This has happened with two of the best airs this page has heard this season. One is an excellent bolero called "Ballerina"; the melody, a fine, long line like a Caribbean trumpet invention, is by a composer named Sigman; the words, an oppressively dead-pan evocation of a girl who gave up Eros for Terpsichore, are well sung by Buddy Clark (Columbia 38040, 75¢, on the other side he has the happier task of "It Had to Be You." Another superior melody has, believe it or not, been run

(*Continued on page* 57)



—*Bill Gottlieb.*

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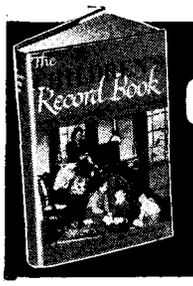

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TURKEYS IN THE STRAW

(*Continued from page* 41)

"Rockin' Alone," the sad, sad story of a little old lady in an old lady's home. He also does well by "It Makes No Difference Now," which is one of many hillbilly hits written by Governor Jimmie Davis of Louisiana, who was a sociology professor and a singing cowboy before he became a Governor.

Among the single Westerns I liked Bob Atcher's "On Account of You" (Columbia 37878) and Bob Willis's "You Should Have Thought of That Before," (Columbia 37824), both of which tell of a cowboy's unrequited —and unrequiting—love. (Either of these would have been perfect for the Al Dexter of "Pistol Packin' " days.) "Hang the Key on the Bunkhouse Door," with Montana Slim (RCA Victor 20-2561) is lively and moderately amusing, mostly for its tune, while "Turn My Picture to the Wall," with Bill Boyd and his Cowboy Ramblers (RCA Victor 20-2552) is ditto for its words. And then there was "All Aboard for Oklahoma," which in spite of an unpromising title and a singer who was billed as Spade Cooley, King of Western Swing, is a rather pleasant little theme song of the homebound California Okies—

*Let this Okie get on board, I'm goin' home,
Where the snow-white cotton blooms,
I'm so tired of pickin' prunes—
Let this Okie get on board, I'm goin' home . . .

Easily the worst of the 116 records was something called "The Rage of the Sage," sung by a girl with powerful lungs named Dale Evans (Majestic 11031). Miss Evans seems to believe that the louder she shouts the more amusing she is, but even if this were true, the words of her song would defeat any chance she had of being funny. For sheer unadulterated corn, however, the prize must go to "Old Shep," as rendered by The Pine Ridge Boys (RCA Victor 20-2403). This incredible piece of drivel is derived from such tear-jerkers of the 1890's as "The Letter Edged in Black," except that in this case, the deceased is a dog.

If all of this seems pretty scientific for a bunch of fifty- and seventy-five-cent jukebox records, I beg the reader's pardon. I have been collecting American folk music on records since the days when Vernon Dalhart was singing about Lindbergh's flight and the death of Valentino and Henry

Ford's "tin lizzies"—well, almost that long—and I have gained much diversion and useful knowledge thereby. I like the highbrow stuff too, the kind that is collected by Harvard graduate students, and played with zithers in high-priced night clubs. But I have long argued (with nobody in particular) that the real folk-music center of America today is Main Street, Los Angeles, where you can hear live "cowboys" singing in the saloons for the price of a ten-cent glass of beer. The cowboys are the ones who came to Hollywood to sing in the movies, and didn't get jobs, and invariably they are better singers than the ones who did.

I really don't know what folk music is, unless it is any kind of music that catches the fun and sadness and adventurousness and ultimate hopes of a whole lot of people, in a form that is not too contrived or sophisticated or smooth. Some of these records fit that bill very nicely.

Roger Butterfield, whose folk-song collection is extensive, is author of "The American Past," just published.

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REVIEWS OF THE MONTH

(*Continued from page* 45)

comes after one of the most telling pauses in music. The "Magnificat" was probably first sung at Leipzig in 1723; two centuries and a quarter later it remains one of the freshest and most convincing musical expressions of loving piety. This recording was long overdue, and is a major addition to the repertoire.

No such enthusiasm can be felt for the other sets here reviewed. The Vox presentation of the "First" and "Fourth" Brandenburg Concertos, with Otto Klemperer conducting the Pro Musica Orchestra, is no signal for cheering. These records do not bear the inevitable comparison with Columbia's Busch Chamber Players set. Adolf Busch, conducting the concertos with relaxed poise, makes Klemperer's details and tempos seem both fussy and jerky. The Columbia recording is mellow and golden where this one is harsh and brash—is this not, in fact, a dubbing? The plastic surfaces, at least in the set received for review, are not as smooth as the best recent shellac records. In short, the Busch set stays unchallenged, the only advantage of the Vox recordings being that each Concerto can be bought individually.

Technichord's recording of Cantata #106, *"Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit,"* hauls up the big guns of the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, a chamber orchestra, and G. Wallace Woodworth. The miniature score with the album gives the original German text and no English translation — but the cantata is sung in English, with the choruses pronouncing "paradise" as though it were half-German — "paaahr - uh - dice." And though some trouble was taken to use treble viol, viola da gamba, and violone, the vocal solos are, with one exception, sung by several voices in unison! In short, this is a confused makeshift. Neither the conducting, which is flaccid, nor the recording, which is dim and fuzzy, justifies it. Nor do very bumpy surfaces help. Not in this way do the smaller recording companies justify their much-needed additions to the recorded library.

Bach's "Violin Concerto in A minor" is played for Musicraft by Roman Totenberg with the Musicraft Chamber Orchestra, no conductor named. The soloist's accompaniment in this cherishable work is played, as it should be, by a small string ensemble with harpsichord. The reading seems admirable, but it emerges from a high-fidelity reproducer with shrillness in the recording and sandiness in the surfaces that mar it beyond enjoyability. When both Europe and the United States have developed recording techniques and substances that can be near perfection, it is useless to perform music with all loving care only to have it reach the listener distorted by feeble, ill-balanced recording and charged with extraneous noise by surfaces resembling a mild abrasive.

Herbert Weinstock's last book was a biography of Handel. He is known also for his writings on Tchaikovsky and for a history of the opera.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Cole, King: Volume 3. Capitol album 59, $3.12	The always tasteful Nat offers some evergreens well worth shelf room against a nostalgic winter evening. The piano playing of the leader is, as ever, supple, the vocalizing typical. Good ensemble work, too.
Fina, Jack: "Piano Portraits Boogie" and "Samba Caramba." MGM 10135, 79¢	There are a lot of things that could be Fina in Carolina, but he manages deftly with his "Boogie" to combine tune with take-off, no easy job. The "Samba" is also aptly done, and both sides are well-recorded. There's also an orchestra.
Jeffries, Herb: "My Blue Heaven," "If I Could Be with You." Exclusive 12-00, 79¢	The Jeffries voice is pleasant enough, especially when backed by such able instrumental work. This includes a jumping trombone choir in "Heaven," a mildly twinkling piano in "If I Could Be with You."
Maxwell, Robert: "Harpist's Holiday." Columbia album C-149, $3.75	The holiday Maxwell offers is probably All-Saints' Day, for the musicians he venerates include Debussy, Liszt, Kern, and Cole Porter. But the playing is all ingratiating, the listening easy.
Munro, Ronnie: "Wine, Women and Song," "Fledermaus," "Roses from the South," "Artists' Life," "Emperor Waltz," etc. London 130-133, ea. $1.05.	Four discs of Strauss waltzes in dance tempo, notable for the full, brilliantly distinct recording, in the FFRR manner. Munro has apparently listened to a Harry Horlick disc or two, or else they have a common background. It's certainly not Vienna.
Morales, Esy: "Jungie Fantasy," "Easy Does It." Rainbow 10050, 79¢	Some fantastic, oddly derived flute playing here, against a rhythm section of the sort associated with Morales. The "Fantasy" is easily the preferable of the two sides.
Piaf, Edith: "La Rue Pigalle." Vox album VSP 305, $3.90	Six lessons, not from Mme. La Zonga but from Mademoiselle Piaf, show why she is a reigning favorite. Much vocal variety, and an always compelling sense of musical drama.
Ross, Lanny: "Moonlight and Roses," and "Winter Song." Majestic 1196, 79¢	An old favorite and one that Ross no doubt hopes will be a new favorite sung with the easy voice and fine control this singer has so well mastered. Stephen Kisley leads the orchestra, and the Amory Brothers—how many can there be of them?—provide a vocal background here and there. "Moonlight" has rarely been better, and the recording is first class.
Scott, Raymond: "I Love You, Yes I Do," "A Sad, Sad Story." MGM 10132, 79¢	The once enterprising Scott is here working with rather shoddy material. "I Love You" is an attractive ballad, neatly arranged, well-sung by Collins, who is more Sarah than her leader is Vaughan (Monroe). The companion item sounds suspiciously like "A Maiden's Prayer." Not so much fun as "Huckleberry Duck."
Sinatra, Frank: "You're My Girl," "Can't You Just See Yourself?" Columbia 37978, 75¢	A pair of tunes from "High Button Shoes" which strive for the gingham-nostalgia of "Oklahoma." Hard to do without Hammerstein and Rodgers.
Spivak, Charlie: "The Gentleman Is a Dope," "You Are Never Away." Victor 20-2600, 63¢	If Miss Daye sang "The Lady Is a Tramp" when she was with Gene Krupa, this would give her prior rights to a flat Rodgerstration on both sexes. This job is effective, and well supported by Spivak's orchestra. Tommy Mercer is heard on the other "Allegro" excerpt.
Stubby, Capt.: "Buffalo Gal," the "Dum Dot Song." Majestic 1205, 79¢	A splendid old minstrel tune and a current novelty, done with vocal cuteness and a budget of effects more appropriate for a cartoon sound track. The "Buccaneers" are Capt. Stubby's musical chattel.
Stafford, Jo: "Haunted Heart," "I'm My Own Grandma." Capitol 15023, 79¢	The first of these is solid enough to become a standard—a test which will be proved, c. 1960, when Dinah Shore's youngest revives it. Paul Weston does a sound, balanced effort with the accompaniment. The second title is a bid for the fans of Stafford's "Tim-Tay-Shun," and not very terrific.
Torme, Mel: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Three Little Words," "I'll Always Be in Love with You," "Love, You Funny Thing," "The Day You Came Along," "Fine and Dandy." Musicraft 528, 529, 530, ea. 79¢	Each of these is as much melodic rope as a singer requires to string us along; or, together, enough to hang himself. The sound is high, thin, and breathy; the manner without grace. His employers call him the "Velvet Fog," which is one kind of weather forecast; we'd say the "Cotton Mist" and be done with it.

HITS AND MISSES

(*Continued from page 55*)

up for the movie version of "Forever Amber." Bearing that title, composed by David Raksin, it is an appropriately glamorous strain encumbered with one of the lyrist Johnny Mercer's rare lapses into solemnity. He has crowded on enough emotion to stir a whole convention of book clubs.

You may hear Mr. Mercer make it difficult for Mr. Raksin through the fairly relaxed agency of Tony Martin (Victor 20-2576-A, 63¢)—the reverse is good, old "My Sin"—or in the comparatively lurid setting of Harry James, his trumpet, his orchestra, and his vocalist Marion Morgan (Columbia 38039, 75¢).

And now for the month's pleasures unalloyed. A perfect definition of style is Frank Sinatra's revival of Irving Berlin's "What'll I Do?"—tender, sustained in feeling, musically poised, with fine counter-melodic turns in the accompaniment of Axel Stordahl (Columbia 38045, 75¢). Another very pleasant Sinatra performance is "If I Only Had a Match" (Columbia 38053, 75¢), in which Stordahl gets credit for a plaintive, muted orchestration which makes an agreeable tune sound almost like a big one. One of my favorite efforts of recent months is a "Siboney" by Joe Liggins and his band (Exclusive 1170, 79¢). This little colored combination of two saxophones and a rhythm section, with Liggins at the piano, manages to give the utterly offhand, casual effect to be had from good pick-up bands in the heat of lively and unpretentious parties. The atmosphere reminds me of the late Fats Waller's small group. The wonderful "Siboney" is played this time, for wallop; Liggins takes a vocal which is nothing but a string of Latin-American clichés; in one passage someone produces a rhythmic sound which a member of my household describes as "the smacking of great under-water lips"; the playing throughout is full of ease and pulse and musical fresh air. Such meetings of good basic material and simple, high spirits are hard to beat.

Another modest disc which has rewarded me is Phil Brito's rendering of the classic "Where Do You Work-A John?" and a nice, unadorned piece of Brown and Henderson schmalz called "An Old Sombrero" (Musicraft 531, 79¢); the latter may also be heard in a placid rhumba version by Buddy Clark and Xavier Cugat's orchestra (Columbia 38046, 75¢). A new album, "Blues" (Victor P192, $3.57) contains examples of the form, by experts, ranging from the good to the indifferent.

WILDER HOBSON.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Pro Shostakovitch

SIR: Absurd is the term which best defines the mumbo-jumbo *SRR* critique of the glorious Shostakovitch "Seventh Symphony" [RECORDINGS, Oct. 25]. The expansive and richly-themed score is obviously measured by nineteenth- and not twentieth-century standards. The empty statement that this mighty symphonic outpouring was composed during "some rather ponderable days" clearly indicates that the critic possesses not the slightest conception as to the siege conditions under which Shostakovitch wrote this work. Leningrad had no time to ponder. . . .

SGT. H. REESE FULLER.
Headquarters Company
South Post, Fort Myer, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Whether the Shostakovitch "Seventh Symphony" is "glorious," "expansive," or "rich-themed" is purely a subjective matter. The "ponderable days" were certainly such for the rest of the world, whose state of mind was the one expressed by the reviewer. A further sentence of Sergeant Fuller's letter may be cited without quibble: "Plaudits sustained and fortissimo to* Musicraft *for putting this vital music on records.*

Szell's Eroica?

SIR: I would be obliged to you if you could inform me where I could most likely get the records of George Szell's interpretation of Beethoven's "Eroica." A few years ago I heard him direct this symphony (via the radio) and was so fascinated by it that ever since I have wished to compare it with other renderings.

CORNELIA FRANCK.
Gaylordsville, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So far as available evidence is proof, Szell has not made a recording of the "Eroica"; certainly not in this country, to this time. For further developments, watch this space.*

Other "Eroicas"

SIR: Your enlarged record department is great. My wish for some time has been to buy a Beethoven "Eroica." So far I have not been able to find a review of the English Decca "Eroica." Is this . . . being treated with discreet silence or has not either Mr. Canby or Mr. Kolodin got around to review it?

ALFRED A. THAL.
Bismarck, N. D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: RECORDINGS, *if occasionally silent, is rarely discreet. The version mentioned, by de Sabata, appeared before* RECORDINGS *was initiated, and has thus not come within its time span. It is probably the best-sounding version of the music now available, but inferior to several others —notably Toscanini's and Walter's—as an interpretation.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: RECORDINGS'S offer to take orders for a reissue of Madeleine Gray's version of "Chant's d'Auvergne" (originally issued by Columbia) has brought a mass of takers. Negotiations with Columbia are in process, and we hope to offer more information in our next issue. Some responses are appended.

SIR: Please include my name . . .

RHODA BERNSTEIN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I would like Madeleine Gray's "Chants d'Auvergne."

WADE L. BECKER.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

SIR: I want them, and anything you do to help me get them will be greatly appreciated.

HARRY J. DAVIS.
Floodwood, Minn.

SIR: Would you kindly put my name on the list?

BARBARA FORMAN.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Very good idea. I could be put on record for two copies.

ALICE DE LAMAR.
Palm Beach, Fla.

SIR: Will you kindly add my name to the growing list?

ETHA B. FOX.
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I viewed with complacent interest the campaign for reissue of "Songs of the Auvergne" until my only record got broken the other day, and now I join the pleaders on the mourner's bench. A whole album has another waiting customer here.

J. W. HEDGPETH.
Port Aransas, Tex.

SIR: You may use this note as an authorization for an order.

STUART B. LUCAS.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

SIR: I'm in favor of "Chants d'Auvergne."

VICTOR MARTINEK.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: I should like to add my voice to the many others. . . . It would be a pleasure to look forward to a notice that this album is again available.

GORDON POTTER.
Northampton, Mass.

SIR: Add my name to a list of willing purchasers.

W. W. PRICE.
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Please add me to the growing list of orders for the Gray records.

W. M. TOBIAS.
Harrison, N. J.

SIR: May I join the throngs besieging you (and Columbia) with cries for a reissue of "Chants d'Auvergne"?

PETER WINDSOR.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Would you please put my name on your list for delivery of the "Chants d'Auvergne"?

DR. PRESTON S. WRADON.
Boston, Mass.

To Date or Not to Date?

SIR: It was gratifying to read your recommendations to recording companies regarding imprinting the label of a record with information designed to assist in properly evaluating the record. As an ardent collector of records for more than a decade, similar thoughts have run through my mind. . . . The label is considered in relation to the record itself by all true collectors, and either without the other is valueless. Two records from the same master, having different labels, are two entirely different records, because of the time element involved. . . . As a concrete example, consider Ted Weems's "Heartaches." Is the reissue of today the same as the original issue? From a collector's viewpoint it decidedly is not. . . .

However, my main concern in writing you is the date of the recording on the label—or, rather, the lack of date. It seems such a little detail to include with all the other pertinent information when making up a label. It is hard to understand why this matter of date has been neglected for so long by record companies. Is there any valid reason why every record made could not have on its label the date of pressing *and* the date when originally recorded? I have noticed on some late repressings of old collectors' items that the date of the *original* recording was given, but not the date of the repressing, which was some ten years later. . . . I will not only cry "Hallelujah" if all companies date all records, I will also consider a milestone reached in the history of records. . . .

ANTHONY P. CIARDI.
Reading, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ciardi has answered his own question without realizing it, by drawing attention to the lapse of ten years between the recording of, say, a Caruso disc and its issuance to the public. Nowadays such a lag would be unthinkable, because technical progress would make records of such age obsolete. But within a span of five or six years, it would likely prejudice a purchaser against a disc or an album to know that it was not made the previous spring or fall, but, say, two years before. Thus it is pure commercial defensive practice to let the listener (critical, too) judge the item objectively without condemning it out of hand as an "old" recording, on the basis of a fixed date. Book publishers have an easier time, because the date of an imprint or edition confers value as time passes, rather than vice versa. If records were issued only for collectors, the same would apply. But the average buyer is interested in current quality, not antique significance.*

(*Answers to Quiz on page 49*)

Cole—Nat ("King") Cozy
Ross—Lanny Hank
Russell—"Pee Wee" Jane
Sullivan—Maxine Joe

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA				
(*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	Gloomy Sunday (HMV)	Dietrich (Vox)	Voi la Sapete (C)	Maggie Teyte Airs (V)
BERKELEY, CALIF.				
(*Berkeley Music Co.*)	Ballerina (V)	Josef Marais (D)	Ave Maria (V)	Mahler No. 5 (C)
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	How Soon (D)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Blue Danube (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
BOSTON				
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Beg Your Pardon (B)	Frankie Carle (C)	C Sharp Minor Prelude (V)	Liszt Concerto No. 1 (V)
CHICAGO				
(*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	Golden Earrings (Cap)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Ballerina (C)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gaite Parisienne (V)
COLUMBUS, O.				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Golden Earrings (Cap)	High Button Shoes (V)	Ritual Fire Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Ballerina (All)	Wayne King (V)	Polonaise in A Flat (V)	Bach: Cantata No. 104, (V)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Civilization (Cap)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Whiffenpoof (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
DETROIT				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Whiffenpoof Song (D)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Chopin-Liszt (Horowitz) (V)
(*Grinnell Bros.*)	Ballerina (V)	Glenn Miller II (V)	Ave Maria (V)	Nutcracker (V)
KANSAS CITY, MO.				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Near You (B)	Jolson (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Nutcracker (V)
HOUSTON				
(*Record Shop*)	Ballerina (V)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
LOS ANGELES				
(*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Whiffenpoof (D)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Polonaise (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*J. W. Robinson Co.*)	Whiffenpoof (D)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Ave Maria (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
MEMPHIS				
(*Gage-Yarborough Co.*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay II (C)	L'Altra Notte (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Words & Music*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Polonaise (V)	Sylphides (V)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Tales from the Vienna Woods (V)	Beethoven Sym. No. 5 (V)
MIAMI BEACH				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Ballerina (V)	Allegro (V)	Jalousie (V)	Schubert Unfinished (C)
NASHVILLE				
(*MU Sound System*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	A Barcelone (V)	Dorothy Shay II (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Van Husen Co.*)	Ballerina (V)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Polonaise (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Ballerina (V)	Manhattan Towers (D)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Ballerina (V)	Allegro (V)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Haynes-Griffin*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Allegro (V)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Masquerade (V)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Dance at Your Wedding (C)	Allegro (V)	Jalousie (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	I Can't Give You Anything but Love (M)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Heart of La Bohême (V)
(*Rabsons, Inc.*)	Ballerina (V)	Allegro (V)	Ave Maria (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
OMAHA				
(*Lyons & Healy, Inc.*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay II (C)	Malaguena (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet (L)	Brigadoon (V)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Chopin Liszt (V)
PITTSBURGH				
(*National Record Mart*)	Ballerina (V)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Jalousie (V)	Gaite Parisienne (C)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*The Record Shop*)	Ballerina (V)	Glenn Miller I (V)	Ave Maria (V)	Nutcracker Suite (V)
ROCHESTER, N. Y.				
(*Esler's*)	Ballerina (V)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Chopin-Liszt (Horowitz) (V)
WASHINGTON, D. C.				
(*Brentano's*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay II (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gaite Parisienne (C)

Key: B—Bullet C—Columbia Cap.—Capitol D—Decca HMV—His Master's Voice L—London V—Victor

Leaders: "Near You" has relinquished its place of several months' past at the top of the popular list in favor of "Ballerina," of which the most favored version (17 stores) is on Victor, with a scattering for other performances. Dorothy Shay's two albums of "Park Ave. Hillbillie" material top the nearest popular competitor—Crosby's "Merry Christmas album" (11 to 8)—but there is a virtual tie for honors in the single classical record category between "Clair de Lune," "Ave Maria" (by Anderson), and "Jalousie." Columbia's "Gayne" album, reported by 13 stores, has a wide margin in its listing.

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